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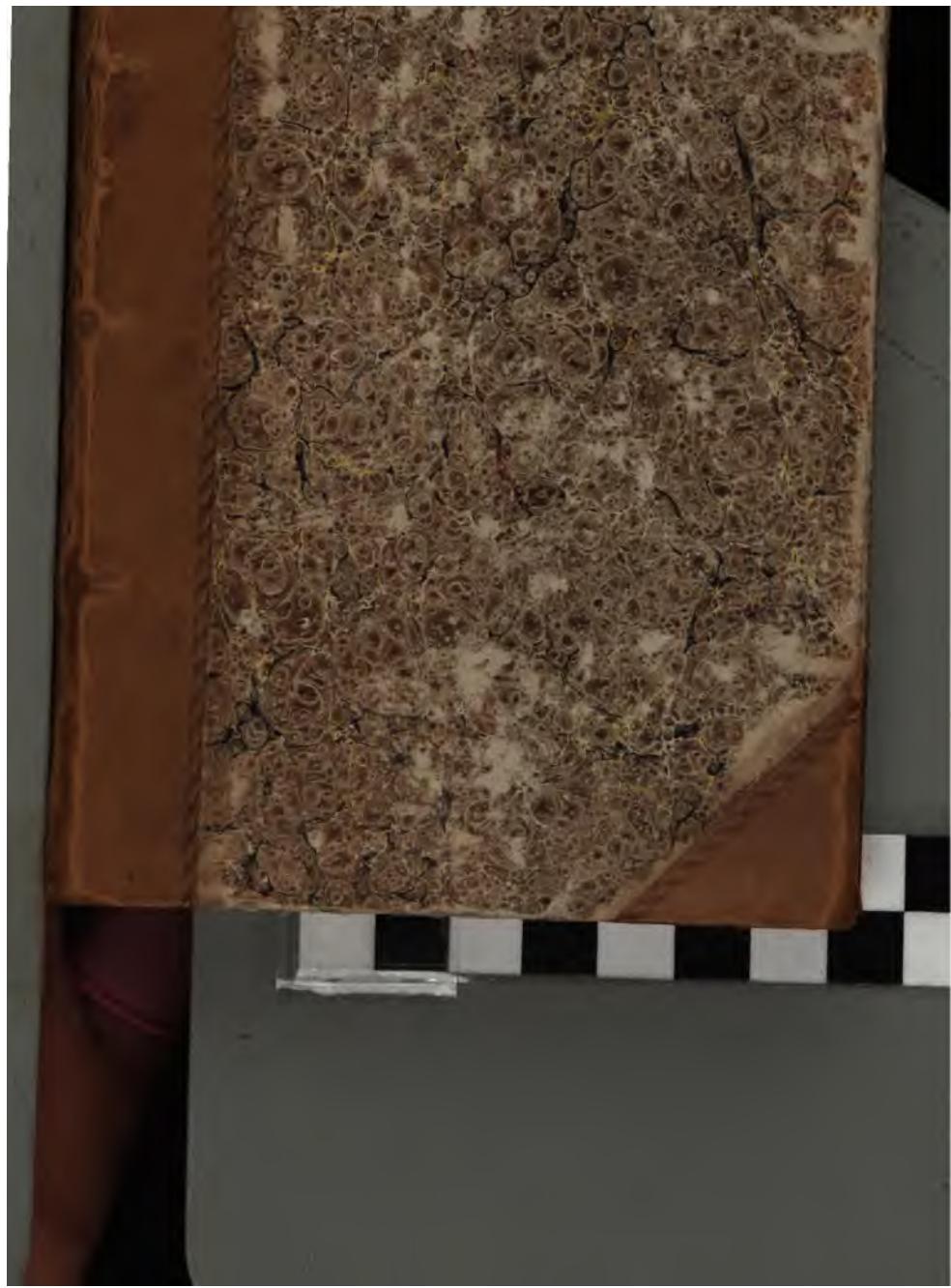
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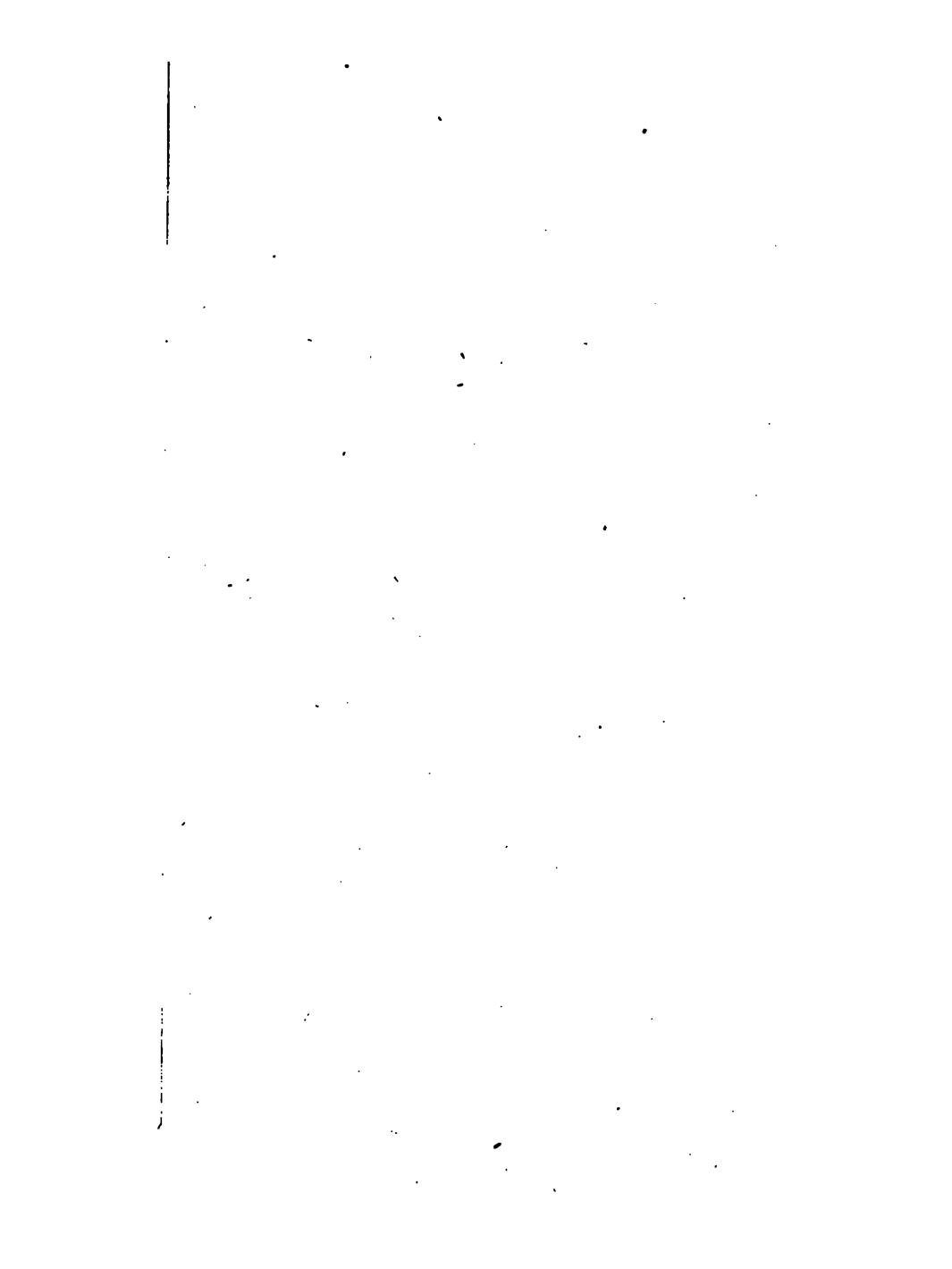
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James the

The Original at K.

*Capt D. Erskine del*

V. S. H. 1820.

KING JAMES THE FIRST  
 OF  
**SCOTLAND:**  
 A TRAGEDY,  
 IN FIVE ACTS.

---

Lord of the lion's heart and eagle's eye.

CHURCHILL.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,  
 To throw a perfume on the violet,  
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper light  
 To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish,  
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

SHAKESPEARE.

---

BY CAPT. D. ERSKINE,  
 RANGERS, F.A.S. ED. N.M.A. OF SCOT. AND  
 MR SOCIETY, En.

---

*Belso :*

BY ALEX. LEADBETTER;

See Bloomsbury, London; R.  
 gh; W. Renwick,  
 Boswells.



**DUTIFULLY, RESPECTFULLY, AND DEVOTEDLY,**

**DEDICATED**

**TO THE**

**RIGHT HONOURABLE**

**David Stuart Erskine,  
EARL OF BUCHAN,**

*Lord Cardross, Auchterhouse, and Glendevon,*

**BY HIS**

**LORDSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT,**

**AND**

**VERY DEVOTED, HUMBLE SERVANT,**

**David Erskine.**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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King JAMES I.

Earl of ATHOL.

Lord CHANCELLOR.

Lord TREASURER.

Lord JOHN STUART, of Darnley, French Ambassador.

RENAUD of Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims.

Earl DOUGLAS, General of the Scots.

Lord JERRISWOOD.

Lord WALTER STUART.

Lord LEWIS.

General POLWORTH.

Sir ADAM HEPBURN, General.

Lord SCROOP.

Lord MELBOURNE.

Lord PERCY, General.

Sir ALEXIS RAMSAY, of Dalhousie.

Sir THOMAS BOYD.

BISHOP of Ross.

BISHOP of Aberdeen.

CAPTAIN of the NAVY.

Lieut. GLENBUCKET. } Attendants on Lord Douglas.

Lieut. M'VICAR.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW, a wit and jester.

BUTLER of Holyrood.

PATRICK DUNBAR, Under Keeper of the Bass.

CHRISTOPHER COHOWN, a King's Messenger.

RUNNING FOOTMAN.

PAGES, SOLDIERS, ROBBERS, MONKS, and OUTLAWS.

---

Lady FERNIHIRST.

Lady JANE, afterwards Lady DOUGLAS.

CONSTANTIA de GRAY.

LILLA, Nurse to James, Duke of Rothsay.

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*The SCENE is laid very dispersedly, in several parts of  
SCOTLAND.*

# KING JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

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## ACT I.

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### SCENE I.—*The Audience Room in Fernihirst Castle.*

Lady FERNIHIRST and Lady JANE.

Lady Fern. Sad is the story of those doleful days,  
My dearest Jane, I cannot now recall  
Those sad events, they hurt my mind so much.

Lady Jane. Beloved mother, honour'd and ador'd,  
You've often promis'd, when I was sixteen,  
You would relate what you had seen at Court  
In my lov'd father's time : I know th' events  
Are sad, yes, passing sad ; but still I wish  
To know the strange events which then took place.

Lady Fern. My promise given to you, I must re-  
The history, most strange, of our sad Court. [late  
I was as young as you when my lov'd Lord  
Did lead me to the altar, in the pile  
Most sainted and most holy, at Jedward :  
Thereafter Jane, we past much time in town,  
Both near the Castle and the Court of Scotland.  
King Robert\* was our liege, he left the sway  
To his brother, a bad man, whom he made  
Sole Governor at that time of the state.

Lieutenant, too, o'er Scotland's host. The first  
Sev'n years past easy off, in peace with England ;  
In fourteen hundred, th' English war broke out,  
And those warlike men rush'd like a torrent

\* The Thrid.

Down into our state. Both Haddington and Leith  
 They siege and take, and after that attack  
 Our tow'ring Castle of brave Edinburgh.

Lady Jane. Where then was my brave father?  
 was he therein?

As then, I know, he led a band of men  
 From Teviot side. [desdale.

Lady Fern. No, your brave father was in Lid-  
 As I have said, the English did attack  
 Edina's Castle, and King Robert's son,  
 The Prince of Scotland (David), held command  
 Within those ancient walls. The Governor,  
 His uncle, withheld relief—it would have fall'n  
 Had not the English General withdrawn  
 His force. The Douglas and the Percy feud  
 Did burn with fire so fierce at this same time,  
 That Linton Bridge\*, where Percy was o'erthrown,  
 Could not becalm their fiery spirits then, [Chase.  
 Which broke out ten times more fierce at Chevy-  
 At this time, Jane, we lost our noble Queen,  
 The nation's glory, and the nation's honour.

Lady Jane. What was her name my Lady, pray  
 now tell? [Annabell.

Lady Fern. It was, my Jane, the lov'd Queen  
 But sorrow dire soon follow'd on this loss,  
 And it was great, you'll think, when you are told  
 That her son David, Scotland's youthful Prince,  
 Whom she restrain'd and kept within due bound,  
 Now all at once gave way to passions dire,—  
 To rapine, luxury, and unbridled shame  
 In ev'ry shape—complaint being forthwith brought  
 Unto the King his father, he commits  
 Him to the custody of the Governor.— [Governor

Lady Jane. The bad man whom he made sole  
 At that time of the state? O say it not! [of Albany,

Lady Fern. It is most true, 'twas to the Duke  
 As bad a man as sun e'er shone upon.

\* Parish of Linton, in Roxburghshire, above Kelso.

A plan was form'd by this new Governor  
 To seat himself upon the Scottish throne,  
 And root the offspring of his brother out. [a plan  
 Lady Jane. Was that not base, my mother? such  
 Was treasonable and monstrous. [usurp

Lady Fern. It was, my love; but bad men oft  
 The thrones of good Kings, who suspect them not.  
 The Duke of Albany arrang'd it thus:  
 He had this Prince in Falkland close shut up,  
 To be in that strong Castle starv'd to death.

Lady Jane. O horrible! soul monster! —his brother's son! [that time.

Lady Fern. Aye, and Prince of Scotland too at  
 But this vile deed was thus for some time stay'd:  
 Some oaten cakes a kindly woman thrust  
 Beneath a door. Another still more kind,  
 Who had a child at breast, did give him milk  
 Warmer than any "milk of human kindness,"  
 As she withal her life did risk thereby,  
 And did deprive her offspring of that milk  
 Nature ordain'd for his support. \* \* \*  
 But these poor women had so often gone  
 Unto the door to give this young man aid,  
 They were found out, and forthwith executed, —  
 So that this Prince had nothing to sustain  
 The calls of nature on, save his own flesh,  
 Which in the fangs of death he rudely tore;  
 Adding a thousand horrors to th' tyrant's grip.

Lady Jane. A more foul murder ne'er disgrac'd  
 the page  
 Of Scottish history. Where were you then,  
 Alas! when this took place? \* \* \* \* \*

Lady Fern. In Jedward Castle, where your sire  
 held rule.

We all were anguish'd at the shocking deed. [all  
 Lady Jane. But did King Robert never hear at  
 Of this foul murder of his eldest son?

Lady Fern. Yes, unto the King a whisper came,  
 And he enquiring then concerning it,

(His ear was so by false reports abus'd  
 Reports most basely spread) by his vile brother,  
 That grief and imprecations was all th' ease  
 He then had left him—and this deed so dark  
 He was unable then to punish.  
 Being old and lacking health, he then retir'd  
 Unto his fortress strong of brave Bute Castle—  
 The Stuart's ancient keep in Bute's fair Isle. [him ?

Lady Jane. But had not Robert other sons save  
 Did he intrust them too to this false Albany ?

Lady Fern. O no, my love, you cannot think he  
 Intrust another son unto a wolf, [would  
 Who had devour'd his eldest son and heir—  
 But still he had another son—his James,  
 Whom he lov'd tenderly ; this youngest son  
 He then resolv'd to send to Charles the Sixth,  
 The brave French King—and him he shipp'd forth-  
 with [heard

From the Bass Rock, in Forth's fair firth. We  
 Another sad catastrophe thereon,  
 My Lovely Jane ; as James did pass in shore  
 The blazing promont'ry of Flamborough,  
 A tempest raging at that very time,  
 The English fleet, on stormy wind close haul'd,  
 Came up and took the Prince of Scotland pris'ner,  
 Notwithstanding the allegation true  
 Of eight years truce with Scotland, and besides  
 His father's letters to the English King  
 Which he had with him ; and although it came  
 To be debated by the privy council  
 At Westminster, in the affirmative  
 By vote 'twas carried—the advantages  
 For England were so very great. \* \* \*

*SCENE II.—Enter Lord LEWIS.*

\* \* \* \* \* And now, Lord Lewis,  
 Unto your sister Jane I beg you will  
 Relate what you know did truly happen

Unto Prince James, as I am tir'd this day  
In talking of those sad events. \*

Lord Lewis. As far as I can tell, I will relate  
All I now know of brave Prince James' story.

Lady Jane. Thank you, my dear twin brother ;  
O now tell

How did his father take his capture then ?

Lord Lewis. It brought his grey hairs with sor-  
row t' the grave ;  
He did expire the third day after he knew

His only son was by th' English taken,  
And sent prisoner to Windsor Castle\*. [to death ?,

Lady Jane. And did the English starve him too  
I fear some sad mishap attended him.

Lord Lewis. No, not in England, his treatment  
was most kind ;

His education was that of English  
Princes, most splendid—and in all sciences  
Then taught in England the Scottish Prince  
Was well instructed—in exercises  
Too, no cost was spar'd on him, thank G—d.

Lady Jane. Who was the King who bore the  
rule in England

When our young James was taken prisoner ?

Lord Lewis. Henry the Fourth was then the  
English King ;

Henry the Fifth, his son, then succeeded  
Unto the southern throne. But I must tell  
When James' father died ; the Parliament  
Confirm'd as Chief Governor of Scotland  
The Duke of Albany, that worthless man,  
Who, notwithstanding, had parts most fit  
For that employment ; but was so violent  
And inveterate in his ambition,  
That he would sacrifice his honor, and  
Every virtue, to make himself the Sovereign  
Of his country—of which he was the shame.

Lady Jane. But how went things in Scotland at  
I fear to ask the question, Lewis. [that time ?

Lord Lewis. Nought could go worse in our  
dear native land ;  
But here Constantia de Gray, our friend, does come  
From Edgerston, on Jed Water side.

**SCENE III.—Enter CONSTANTIA DE GRAY.**

Lady Fern. Dear Constantia, you are most wel-  
Unto the tow'rs of Fernihirst this day. [come  
In crossing Jed Forest's woody plain,  
Was there no wanderers or moss-trooping foes  
T' oppose your passage ?

Const. None, my much respected Lady ; but I've  
Two of our huntsmen, brave warlike men,  
Just like my sire himself, who always ride  
After me when I'm alone. My father,  
With his usual foresight, has directed  
His equery always to look to this—  
Had he not done so, he would not have been  
A Rooderfoord, tho' we now bear the name  
Of Gray by marriage ; and he directed me  
To mark well his words,—he sends his duty  
Unto your La'ship. \* \* \* \* \*

Lady Jane. Dearest Constantia, my brother  
Does now relate the sad events which past [Lewis  
In Scotland's state, when our good King was young,  
And long detained in England. [take

Const. O do proceed, Lord Lewis, let me par-  
Of th' instruction you convey to Lady Jane,  
As I never heard that doleful story  
From so good a source.

Lord Lewis. At your command I shall, sweet  
Constantia, tell  
What more I know of the non-age of James,  
Our Scotland's Prince. And now I must relate,  
Th' next ten years nought extra is on record  
Worth note, between our Scots and English troops.

Henry the Fifth succeeded\* to his sire,  
 And on his French affairs being much intent,  
 Nothing held count between our British states,  
 Save some incursions of small note of Donald  
 The Islander, the wild Lord of Bute,  
 Advanc'd into Stra'bogy, which he spoil'd,  
 And with his warlike troops, in garb of Gaul,  
 Advances on to Aberdeen, a town  
 For fishing fam'd and smuggling in those days.  
 To stop this warlike torrent, Alexander  
 De Erskine, the then Earl of Mar, did take  
 Most of the neighbouring noblemen and clans,  
 And stopt him at Harley town upon th' Tay,  
 And there a bloody battle soon was fought,  
 In which they join'd so close that many fell,  
 And few were left to tell the glory of that day.

Const. Which side, Lord Lewis, gain'd the  
 palm, I wish  
 To know, as we had kinsmen in that action?

Lord Lewis. That none this day can tell—they  
 were so join'd,

And hand in hand they fought, that night alone  
 Did sunder those combatants—alas a-day!  
 So many men of note, and nobles too,  
 Did fall, that neither side at night could say  
 They had the victory. Now I must relate,  
 That at this self-same time St Andrew's Hall,  
 By all now College call'd, did take its rise,  
 And to this bloody fight, in some degree,  
 Does owe its first foundation. Lord Mar  
 Was wounded in the shoulder, and went there  
 To a learned Leech who practic'd then therein.—

Lady Jane. But what did pass in England? who  
 Of southern land that day? \* \* \* \* [was King

Lord Lewis. Henry the Fifth, of glorious me-  
 Succeeded to his sire of doubtful right, [mory,

\* Henry V. surnam'd of Monmouth, eldest son of Henry IV.  
 and Mary de Bohun, daughter of Humphrey Earl of Hereford,  
 succeeded his father A.D. 1419.—Salzen's Chronology.

Unto old England's crown; he was intent,  
 As I have said, on French affairs, and England  
 Made no inroad on Scotland those blessed days.  
 Some silly frays, incursions and so forth,  
 Of pilf'ring wights alone disturb'd the land,  
 A foray and cow-stealing rade alone  
 Was only heard of. \* \* \* \* \* [tell

Const. But what went on in France, Lord Lewis?  
 In your own way; you make me think I see  
 All you to us relate. \* \* \* \* [to boast;

Lord Lewis. Praises from thy lips are still mine  
 She most deserves them who now bestows them  
 In anno fourteen hundred and nineteen, [most.  
 Auxiliaries to France, as it is seen.

Were sent to Charles the Sixth in France that day,  
 Thrée thousand brave young troops, a fine array—  
 John Earl of Buchan, the Constable of France,  
 Had first command o'er them *par eminence*,  
 And at Toureinne on easter holiday,  
 The Duke of Clarence did command, all say—  
 His troops made merry on this easter tide,  
 Lord Buchan marches, attacks whate'er betide,  
 And with a battle axe this Duke does kill\*,  
 Frees him in future from all care and ill.

But at Le Bague Earl Buchan yields his life,  
 With many of his soldiers in this strife [men;  
 'Tween French and English, Scots, and Norman  
 To Scots affairs we must return again.

While this goes forward on the Gallic shore,  
 A death takes place at our own very door,  
 Th' old Governor, the Duke of Albany,  
 Who in Falkland Palace his young Prince did slay,  
 And Murdoch, his own son, the Duke became  
 Of Albany and Governor, misname  
 As for this office he was so unfit,  
 And had poor man, alas, so little wit

\* The Duke of Clarence, and a great body of the English,  
 are defeated by John Earl of Buchan, General of Scots troops  
 in France, and the Duke is killed on the spot, Anno Dec. 1419.

That his own sons he could not keep in bound,  
 Those three sad wights in vice were so profound,  
 And brought fell ruin on their sire at last,  
 Which said but little for their own forecast.

Lady Jane. But tell us something of the English troops ? [wholesale.

Lord Lewis. Those men were slain in France  
 Henry of England hearing of the death  
 Of Clarence' Duke, by th' Earl of Buchan's arm,  
 Made John of Bedford Viceroy of that state,  
 Designing soon, with James the King of Scots,  
 To go to France the Scots troops to controul,  
 Which Robert of Albany to their aid had sent.  
 But Murdoch finds those troops he must recall  
 To quell domestic strife rais'd by his sons,  
 Who now become offensive to all ranks,  
 And disobedient to their aged sire.

—A falcon this good father had 'tis known,  
 Which his son Walter did of him beg,  
 And he refusing, one fine sporting day  
 His sad son Walter caught his hawk by leg  
 And wrung his neck about, at which his sire  
 Being much enrag'd at this most spiteful deed,  
 He said unto his son,—“ Well, since I cannot  
 Rule over thee, I'll bring one who shall  
 Command us both : and shortly you shall see  
 King James again.”—And from this day ceas'd not  
 To use his might to bring King James again  
 Unto his own domaïsne at Holyrood.

—He did the two estates consult at Perth  
 On this affair profound ;—an embassy  
 Is sent to England's warlike chief,  
 That gallant King\* who conquer'd France alone  
 By his sole power—and married that King's  
 daughter.

Lady Jane. And did they then release King James off hand ?

\* Henry V.

† 1414, Henry V. renewes the claim of the Kings of England.

Lord Lewis. Yes, dearest Jane, the Scottish  
House of Peers

At Perth assembl'd, as it now appears  
Releas'd their King. My Lady tell now, please,  
The pleasant story of our King's release,  
As you were at Kelso when he past.— [behest.  
Lady Fern. I will with pleasure now at your

SCENE IV.—Enter the two HUNTERs, who remain in the rear of the Stage.

Const. My honor'd Lady, how long was he kept  
Prisoner in old Windsor Castle keep? [long time.

Lady Fern. O! eighteen years my love, a sad  
The nobles, whom Lord Lewis just now said  
Did wish a change, they thought their fortune would  
Be mended if their young King was once again  
Upon his royal throne. An embassy  
They sent to youthful Henry, then the Sixth,  
Who rul'd the English state. [thera

Const. But I have heard King James did marry  
The daughter of the Duke of Somerset. [did wed

Lady Fern. O! yes he did, dear Constance; he  
The Lady Jane of Somerset, we know  
Of royal blood; from her, my Jane, you do

In the crown of France. 7th August 1415, he embarks an army of 10,000 men for France, and lands in Normandy. 22d September, he takes Haerlem, and makes it an English colony. 24th October, he obtains a signal victory at Agincourt. 28th July 1417, Henry's second expedition. He takes Caen, Calais, &c. The Scots invade England, and the English return their visit. 1418, the English take Cherburgh, and several other towns in France, and siege Rouen. 19th January 1419, Rouen surrenders. First treaty at Melun abortive; a second treaty of peace between the French King and the King of England, wherein it is stipulated that Henry V. shall marry Princess Catherine, Charles Sixth's daughter; that he should have the regency of France during the French King's life, and succeed him in the throne after his death. Henry enters Paris in triumph, and marries the Princess Catherine at Troyes, June 2d, 1420. Dauphin attainted for murder.

Derive your name ; she was your godmother  
 At the blessed font in Greysfriars aisle,  
 Near Edinborough. At the time we liv'd  
 At Merchiston upon the Calder road.  
 —This lady, Jane, was darling niece unto  
 Great Henry Beauford, Bishop and Cardinal  
 Of the see of Winchester ; besides  
 He was Lord High Chancellor of England,  
 And rul'd all things within young Henry's state  
 While he was minor. The Duke of Glo'ster  
 Was then protector of the state, and of  
 The royal person of the King. To them  
 The embassy was sent from Perth on Tay ;  
 The chief of them was Henry Layton, then  
 Bishop of Aberdeen ; to him was join'd,  
 In the self-same commission, Archibald  
 Earl of Douglas, the Duke of Turenne's son,  
 With William Hay, Constable of Scotland,  
 Sir Alexander Irvin of Dromm, Knight,  
 And th' Archdean of Loudon, Alexander  
 Cornwall. These men of note forthwith set out  
 For London, in the year of grace we know  
 Fourteen hundred and twenty one.

Const. How were they receiv'd, good Lord Lewis  
 Lord Lewis. Here comes the Earl of Douglas ;  
 That story better than I can, as he [he will tell  
 Was there with his great sire ; there is his trumpet.

[Flourish of trumpets.

---

SCENE V.—Enter the Earl of DOUGLAS.

Lady Fern. Most welcome, noble Earl, unto our  
 We much rejoice to greet you here this day. [house!  
 Lord Doug. I joy to see your Ladyship so well,  
 And in such spirits, with a train of youth  
 And beauty in this illustrious retreat  
 Of Fernihurst,—in old Jed Forest's shade.

Lady Fern. Our gracious thanks, my Lord, you  
 have this day.

For your unbounded and kind courtesy ;  
 But still we mean to tax your goodness more  
 Than now you think for, and we wish  
 You would relate to those young friends th' events  
 You witnessed while you were in England with  
 Your far-fain'd sire, and Bishop Layton.

Lord Doug. Most willingly, my noble Lady ; I  
 Will relate what of that great embassy  
 I still remember. With my sire I went,  
 And stay'd behind as hostage at that time  
 For payment due for King James' ransom.  
 When we arriv'd in London city, we  
 Were receiv'd most kindly by the State\*, [din'd  
 And by King James still more so ; with him we  
 In Castle Baynard Hall, built, as you know,  
 By John of Magna Charta fame, a Palace  
 Near the Tow'r on great Queen's Hithe, and many  
 Noble friends he had made were also there—  
 Now we must tell by his alliance great,  
 And virtues many, th' numbers were not small.

Lady Jane. But of the embassy, my Lord, now  
 speak. [King,

Lord Doug. After some days stay with the young  
 Our learned leader, good Bishop Layton,  
 Did then request to have an audience  
 Of State in Council, where we were admitted  
 (You see I speak as I were of th' embassy ;  
 I was only a pursuivant then  
 Of my heroic father's, ready to stay  
 On demand, as an hostage-pledge that day  
 For our great King). The sage Bishop Layton,  
 Who spoke well, his mind with state affairs well  
 stor'd,  
 Did thus address the English Council Board :—

[Takes out a paper and reads.  
 Sage Lords, most grave and wise, good Gentlemen,  
 The respect and reverence which our State

\* *Id est* the Duke of Glo'ster, the Protector.

Of Scotland carrieth to all Kings,  
 Is every where well known ; but most that love  
 And loyalty they have to the persons  
 Of their native Princes,—for as monarchy  
 Is the *most ancient* form of government,  
 So have they ever esteem'd it the best,—  
 It being far more easy to find *one*  
 Instructed and train'd up in great virtues  
 Than to find many ; and how well so e'er  
 Appointed governors and vice-regents rule  
 The commonwealth, yet is such government  
 But as the light of moon and twinkling stars  
 In absence of the sun—but imitations  
 Of false shadows for substantial bodies.—  
 This hath mov'd the three estates of Scotland  
 To direct us to you in Council met.—  
 Our King these many years you've kept from us,  
 On just or unjust grounds we'll not argue—  
 That Providence which hath appointed  
 Every thing to its own great end, hath done  
 This surely for the best, both to you and us,  
 And we are now to treat for his delivery,—  
 Beseeching you still to remember that  
 His father, of most sacred memory,  
 Recommended him of that general  
 Duty which oae Prince owes to another,  
 Unto your King's protection, in the hope  
 Of sanctuary, and in request of aid  
 And comfort against secret, and therefore  
 The more dangerous enemies.— [it tires  
 Lady Jane. Is this speech long, my Lord ? I fear  
 Your Lordship thus to relate what then past.  
 Lord Doug. O ! not at all, sweet Lady Jane, I  
 To obey your orders. The sage Bishop [love  
 Thus went on with silvery tone and speech,—  
 [Lord DOUGLAS continues to read.  
 And to confess th' truth, hitherto he hath been  
 More assured among you than if he had  
 Remain'd in his own country. Your favour

Were many ways extended towards him,  
 Having in all liberal sciences  
 And virtues brought him up—that his abode  
 In England seemeth rather to have been  
 A sojourn in an academy,  
 Than any captivity—and thus  
 He had been lost if he had not been lost  
 Besides ; tho' we have th' happiness to claim  
 His birth and stem, you have the claim  
 Of his succession and his education.  
 He being now match'd with the royal blood  
 Of England in marriage—thus his liberty  
 Which we intreat for, is a benefit  
 To yourselves—and those Princes which shall claim  
 The descent of his offspring ; for if it  
 Should in this wise fall forth (as what may not,  
 By th' variable changes of kingdoms  
 Come to pass ?) that this Prince, by usurpers  
 And rebels were disgarnish'd of his own [brandish  
 Crown, they are your sharp swords which should  
 To set him on his royal throne again.  
 We expect that as you have many ways  
 Render'd him yours, ye will not now refuse  
 T' engage him yet more by his liberty,  
 Which he must wholly and freely acknowledge  
 To receive from you : and by benefits  
 And much love to overcome a King,  
 Is more sweet than by force of arms : and since  
 He was not your prisoner by chance of war,  
 (Having never raised arm against you,)  
 But by way of protection detain'd here  
 And entertain'd, so you will, respecting  
 Your ancient honour and generosity,  
 Send him freely back to his own again.  
 Yet if it be so that you now will have  
 Acknowledgement for what you have bestow'd  
 On his education, the great distress  
 Of his estates, and of his subjects too  
 And Crown at present consider'd, we will

Not stand on trifles of money for the  
Redemption of a Prince above all price.—[Lord  
DOUGLAS returns the paper to his pocket-book.]

Lady Jane. And thereupon, my Lord, did they  
release

King James, and send him free to Scotland?

Lord Doug. In reply to this, I must say the Lords  
Of the Council were divers ways inclin'd

To this great embassy. Some would let him  
Go free at once unto his kingdom;

Others more careful, thought that he knew

Too much of their affairs to be sent

To his nation, always their enemies;

Being at liberty amongst his own,

In wrath he might resent his long restraint.

Those great commissioners at last agree,

That for a sum of money large enough,

King James might go unto his own again:

Half to be paid in hand, and hostages

To stay in England till the other half,

In south country cash, was all paid up. [Lord?

Lady Jane. What was his ransom, O most noble  
Forgive the interruption I now give.—

Lord Doug. [Bowing.] Undoubtedly, my charming  
Lady Jane,

The interest you take does warm my heart,

And makes me think King James has really had

A steadfast friend in thee. The ransom, yes,

The ransom was four hundred thousand merks,

Sixteen thousand sixty-six pounds sterling.

The Lord Cardinal discharg'd the one-third

Thereof, and for the doing which he was

Accus'd in after time before King Henry,

By the Duke of Glo'ster, uncle to the King,

And Lord Protector. \* \* \* \* \* [agree

Lady Jane. And did th' estates of Scotland then  
To pay that sum for James' liberty?

Lord Doug. Yes kind Lady, they did; and altho'  
The getting it so promptly was to them

Grievous, yet they then preferring glory,  
And James' liberty, to filthy dross,  
They send all the money they can make up,  
And on the spur they send it off to London.

Const. O say, my Lord, who were the hostages  
Who with your Lordship went unto that city?

Lord Doug. Then I was a youth, and taken out of  
Bed at Fernington, and forthwith dispatch'd  
On horseback with old Habby Ormiston,  
A careful man and agriculturist  
Near Nesbit, by the water on Teviot's side.  
We also had with us Lord Athol's son,  
Lord Adam Gordon, and John de Lindsay,  
Lord Crawford's son, Sir John Lyons second son,  
David Ogleby, with young Miles Graham  
And tall Will'am Oliphant. These young men  
Were my companions to London town.

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SCENE V.—Lord JERRISWOOD's bugle.

Lady Fern. Lord Jerriswood will soon be here;  
His bugler who sounds the approach. [it is

*Enter Lord JERRISWOOD.*

Most welcome noble Lord, unto those towers,  
Your presence here does always give delight;  
I was afraid I should not have been honor'd  
With such court-like company to-day,  
But I'm more fortunate than I look'd for.

Lord Jer. [Bowing profoundly.] Your kind  
reception, my noble cousin,  
Gives me as much delight as e'er it did  
In younger days; the greatest joy I had  
Was by your La'ship to be thus receiv'd.  
Now tell me Jane, how fares the world with you?  
[Gives his hand.  
And you Lord Lewis, and Lord Douglas, I rejoice  
To meet you here—we us'd to hunt together

At Rubberlaw and Carterfell, and on  
Round Dunion's side.—

Lord Doug. and Lord Lewis. We'll hunt there  
again, my Lord, if we have life  
And health till next hunting season. [here?

Lord Jer. And sweet Constantia, are *you* too  
I do rejoice to see you, you still bloom  
As fair as ever. [CONSTANTIA *courtesying.*] How  
is Sir John,

The brave de Gray? does he still domicile  
Amongst the groves of Edgerstone? \* \*

Const. He does my Lord, and in as manly health  
As fourscore summers will permit my sire  
To be—who has well serv'd his country  
So near the middle marches, which he guards  
Still with an eagle's eye, and well train'd band  
Of brave Jed foresters.

Lord Jer. I rejoice at it;—say him my duty.

Lady Fern. Lord Douglas was relating at this  
The story of our King's release, you know [time  
From English bondage. Good Lord Jerriswood,  
I know your Lordship's loyalty so well,  
I'm sure you'll join now in requesting him  
Not to cut short the thread of history.

Lord Jer. You judge me right, my Lady. Pray

Lord Douglas,  
Do now continue the recital out  
Of those sad days our brave youthful King  
Was forced to make in England. \* \* \*

Lord Doug. Most willingly, my still much valu'd  
friend  
And noble kinsman. We were receiv'd  
(The hostages I mean), with kindness great  
And honourable; we were nobly lodg'd  
In Baynard Castle, where our King had liv'd  
So many years, and we were instructed  
As if we'd been the sons of royal princes.  
Lord Jerriswood pray now relate what past  
Upon the borders; you were *here* when our King,

With his English bride, first past the lines of  
Demarcation into his own domaïsne.

Lord Jer. The Duke of Somerset, our great  
Queen's sire,

His brother Lord Cardinal of Beauford,  
England's Lord High Chancellor, attended  
Our lovely Queen to Roxburgh Castle ;  
The ducal suit was left at Wark ; he then returned,  
But my Lord Cardinal his brother went  
One stage farther,—altho' he took his leave  
At Thirlstone castle, *ayont* old Lather bridge.  
Yet on he held his course to Soutra Hill  
On horseback, to see our Edinburgh Castle ;  
He then drew rein, took one last embrace,  
His steps retrac'd unto the tow'rs of Wark  
And join'd his brother : but I must say  
They were receiv'd most nobly in Kelso town,  
By many troops of nobles and rich gentlemen,  
Who flock'd from all parts of the kingdom  
To give him hearty welcome that blessed day,  
Upon his native soil. The market-place  
Was throng'd unto an overflow of subjects,  
Anx'ous to mark their duty to their King  
And his young royal consort ; besides  
They wish'd to give contentment to themselves  
And families, in beholding *one* they had  
So long expected and desir'd to see.  
He was, all say, receiv'd with acclamations without  
bound ;  
The market-place and Coldstream road resounds  
With *vivas* of his loyal subjects,  
And on Berry mead he did receive Duke Albany,  
And many nobles of his Scottish court,  
Who unto him this day made their resort.  
I too was there, to mark my duty great  
Unto my Sovereign, who had resum'd his state,  
And with other noble Lords did escort,  
In passion week unto his royal court,  
When he held progress on to Edinborough.—

Lady Jane. Where first did he reside in town, do you know,

When he arriv'd? \* \* \* \* \*

Lord Jer. \* \* \* \* In the Old Castle keep,  
As is wont for Kings there to eat and sleep,  
When first they come unto their royalty,  
Which he did when he arriv'd all say;  
And he assembled, whilst he staid therein,  
Many of the estates—and did begin  
To hear petitions for the Parliament,  
Which he had summon'd with that great intent.

[Fernihurst Clock strikes one; the dinner bell rings.]

Lord Doug. Will your La'ship permit me, on  
My arm to offer to the dinner board? [my word,  
[Offers his arm, which is accepted.

Lady Fern. Lord Lewis, will you shew Con-  
stance the way  
Unto the dinner hall this pleasant day? [ceive.

Lord Lewis. With much delight this order I re-  
Lord Jer. And Lady Jane, now humbly I con-  
My arm will suit your Ladyship at this time: [ceive  
Will you accept it to hand you down to dine?

Lady Jane. The honour's great, good kind Lord  
Jerriswood,  
It is the mark of friendly neighbourhood.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Dining Hall in Fernihirst Castle; three large Windows six feet high, and six feet from the ground, with the following Figures and Inscriptions:—*

1. Robert the Bruce in armour, with a battle axe.

Inscription :

*Robertus de Brus, Rex Scotorum.*

II. William the Lion, with a lion under his foot.

Inscription :

*Gulielmus Leonis, Rex Scotorum.*

III. Robert III. in a hunting dress.

Inscription :

*Robertus Tertius, Rex Scotorum, et Budæ.*

Lady FERNIHIRST, Lord DOUGLAS, Lord JERRISWOOD, Lord LEWIS, Lady JANE, and CONSTANTIA, at the dining-table; desert on the table and wine. Huntsmen behind armed; servants waiting.

Lord Doug. This sack, Lord Lewis, tastes of Spanish growth. [import it

Lord Lewis. It does, my Lord; my father did In his argusi when he came from Spain, Where he had been, King Robert having sent Him there on special mission. \* \* \* [promised

Lady Jane. Now, good Lord Jerriswood, you To tell us what you saw at Scoon Castle, [crown'd. When our young King and Queen therein were Lord Jer. I was then very young, but I will tell What I saw there that blessed day of state.

Lady Jane. Thank you, noble Lord. \* \* \* \*

Lord Jer. The solemnities of easter finish'd, The King came with his Queen to Perth;—from thence,

In May they went to Scoon with Murdoch Stewart,

The Governor and Duke of Albany—  
 And Earl of Fife, (to whom the charge by use  
 And wont belong'd, of this ancient kingdom,)—  
 And Henry, Bishop of St Andrew's—  
 In the year of grace fourteen hundred  
 And twenty-four, our braye King was then  
 Just twenty-seven years of age, there was  
 A joint coronation of himself and Queen—  
 He was, according to the computation  
 Of old Scottish history, the hundredth  
 And first King of Scotland ;—at which time  
 Sigismond, son of King Charles the IV. was  
 Emperor of the west; and John the VII.  
 The son of great Andronicus, of th' East ;—  
 The Grand Turk then was Amaruth the II.—  
 Alphonsus the V. was King of Spain.—  
 And Charles the VII. was King of France ; Henry  
 The VI. was England's King ; Martin the V.  
 With many others, claim'd St Peter's chair—  
 All the court did shine in gay attire,  
 And jewels sparkl'd, ladies seem'd on fire,  
 And many youthful hearts were caught that day,  
 The beaus and belles did make such grand display.  
 To end this scene a Parliament is call'd,  
 To have the hostages forthwith recall'd—  
 For this a subsidy the King does ask the Peers,  
 Which is soon granted, as they've many fears  
 For their young men so long so far away.  
 A general tax on lands is giv'n that day  
 Of twelve pence in the pound—and then the King  
 Did go with all his court to Perth, considering  
 The accommodation where he was then  
 Was not so good as that at Perth had been.

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SCENE II.—Enter a WARDER from the Leads.

Warden. \* \* \* \* \* In the great avenue,  
 I see a running footman with my glass ;  
 He wears the royal livery. I should think

He brings dispatches to your Ladyship  
From King James himself. [All rise.]

Lady Fern. You must mistake; it must be from  
I'm not so honor'd as to receive [Lord Mark;]  
Dispatches from the King.

*Enter a 2d WARDER.*

2d Warder. A running footman from his Ma-  
jesty

Knocks hard at Castle gate. I ask'd his orders  
My honor'd Lady; he said he had dispatches  
From the King himself unto your La'ship.

Lady Fern. Let him approach.—My Lords, I  
hope you'll stay  
And aid me with your counsel.

[They all bow.] *WARDERS exit.*  
If it is an inroad and Lord Douglas here,  
His sword alone is worth a-cloud of arrows.

[LORD DOUGLAS bows.]  
Lord Doug. And it is ready at a single word  
Of Lady Fernihirst to lead her clan,  
Her Kers, and Scots, and Armstrongs\*, aye this day  
Unto old Alnwick gate, or Carlisle's Castle keep.

*Enter the 2d WARDER, with a ROYAL RUNNING  
FOOTMAN.*

R. Foot. His Majesty, with his own royal hand,  
Did give this letter at eight o'clock,  
And order'd I should bring it to your La'ship  
Without delay, as I should value  
His future favor. [only three]

Lady Fern. You have made good dispatch; 'tis  
By our old Castle dial, and 'tis  
Forty miles from Holyrood to Fernihirst.

[Opens the packet.]  
It is a piece of kindness of his Majesty;  
He writes, a strange old fellow he had heard  
Was banish'd out of England; and he fear'd,

\* And Staverts too.

Should he attempt to pass by Carter fell,  
 He might give trouble to my house and friends ;  
 He might break in and steal, or perhaps play  
 The cuaning crafty knave. He knew him well  
 (So writes the King) when he was in London,  
 By birth he was a knight, by trade a thief,  
 By nature a coward, and also born a wit  
 Of the first order, but above all  
 He was such a mountain of a man,  
 The Dunion was a joke to him. \* \* \*

R. Foot. \* \* \* \* \* I've seen him lady ;  
 The Abbot of Jedward pick'd this knave up  
 At Inchbonny well, where he alighted  
 From off his mule, *poor thing*, to quench his thirst.  
 He swore he did not think that water  
 Could have so fine a smack, and he would not  
 Have let the well contaminate his lips  
 If he'd been not *banish'd* to this northern state.  
 He knew the King, he said the Scottish King,  
 He was a princely youth, and had imbib'd  
 From Henry of Monmouth many noble qualities.  
 Lady Fern. But here's another note inclos'd  
 within

King James' letter ; 'tis for you, Lord Douglas.

[Lord DOUGLAS takes it and reads.

Lord Doug. 'Tis to the same effect ; his Majesty  
 Commands me, if this knave should show his face  
 Upon the borders this side Cheviot-Hills,  
 I must commit him to safe keeping of  
 The Jedward Abbot—to treat him well,  
 But not to trust him out of monkish sight.  
 To tell the Abbot from the King to feed  
 Him well, and as for sack to give him  
 His belly full. \* \* \*

R. Foot. \* \* \* \* Forgive me lady,  
 That's the man we met, as sure as Rubberslaw  
 Has but one tip or point. He told the Abbot  
 His face was like old Bardolph, that it cream'd  
 And mantl'd like a standing pool ; to me

He said I was a tailor's son, and *run to seed*\*  
 Like a cabbage plant—'twas true I *run*,  
 And that he saw with his own eyes ; besides  
 He saw my running jacket, but how  
 This big fat man with funny face should know  
 I was a tailor's son, is passing strange.  
 Said I to him, what do you mean great Sir,  
 By what you say I'm run to seed?—Says he,  
 My friend I'm *great* indeed ; and added then,  
 Give me a leg upon my mule again,  
 And I will tell you what I know of that.  
 I help'd this mountain on his mule again,  
 And then he said no man on English land  
 Could do the same. I thank'd him, but I ask'd  
 Again what he did mean by *run to seed*?  
 My friend he said, you have ten sons, and if  
 You're not hang'd up by James the First I know  
 You'll have ten more ; and off he rode forthwith  
 To Jedward Abbey, laughing in his sleeve  
 At me. If I'd my way I'd stow him in  
 To the Wren's Nest† hard by the Abbey.

Lord Doug. \* \* \* \* \* But here is more  
 In postscript to the great King's letter.  
 I am to see that he escape not,  
 For if he sets one foot at Holyrood,  
 My wardenship I lose upon the borders.  
 Besides the King does say he's cunning,  
 Crafty, smooth tongu'd, roguish, and what not ;  
 And if maid should cross his disk, he will  
 With honey'd tongue her ear abuse, and say  
 Such winning things—if she has pow'r he'll hop  
 The twig, and then my wardship will be  
 Not worth a silver penny. \* \* \* \* [Douglas.

Const. That were hard laws indeed, my Lord of  
 Lord Doug. But my Sovereign's letter bears  
 that with this man  
 There is another, ancient Pistol call'd ;  
 Was he there too? \* \* \* \* \*

\* From his dress, all in green, with a buff feather in his cap.

† A house so called, *enceint*, but now in, Jedburgh.

R. Foot. No, not then, my Lord; his mule had  
tumbled

At Dolphinstein; there he was left with Leach,  
And Lady Grace, the daughter of the laird,  
Did doctor him,—his shoulder was put out. [on  
Lady Jane. A good hearted soul as e'er sun shone  
That Grace of Dolphinstein—and pretty too.

Lord Doug. But I must stow those worthies  
both forthwith

In Abbot Potcheen's charge; O good Sir John,  
They'll make a monk of thee—worse you cannot be.  
Lord Lewis, will you go with me and see  
The King's strict orders carried into force  
Against this witty gentleman? and you,

[*To the Running Footman.*

My prompt King's messenger, you will repair  
'Thout loss of time to Fernington; you'll have  
Your answer to your dispatch this night,  
That you may start at sunrise for the court,  
To tell our King *his will is done.* \* \* \*

Lady Jane. But good, my Lord, cannot Con-  
stance and I

Have but one peep at this most witty knight?

Lord Doug. My sweet Lady, if you and good  
Should wish to see this constellation [Constantia  
Of all odd qualities (who tho' call'd cowardly  
Sometimes is most brave; he did defeat  
A body of French forces near Orleans,  
In fourteen hundred and twenty nine)  
If you your ten hours\* will take to-morrow.  
In th' Abbot's parlour, you'll see a sight there  
You ne'er will see again—a banish'd wit. [we'll be

Lady Jane. If Lord Lewis will come for us,  
Ready by nine o'clock, most kind Lord.

Lord Doug. And now my Lady Fernihirst, I say  
Good evening to your Ladyship. My Lord  
Lewis will go with me, and I will see  
Your Ladyship again to-morrow.

[*Exit Lord Douglas and Lord Lewis.*

\* Ten hours.—*Anglict*, luncheon.

Lady Fern. [To the RUNNING FOOTMAN.]  
 You my good man will wait for my reply  
 Of thanks unto his Majesty ; the while  
 I write it go into the butlery,  
 The seneshall will see you well provided.

[Exit RUNNING FOOTMAN, bowing.  
 And Lady Jane, will you and Constance shew  
 Lord Jerriswood the boudoir ; I'll write  
 My letter to his Majesty and then  
 Will join you.

[Courtesying and exit.—Lady JANE and CONSTANCE conduct Lord JERRISWOOD off by the opposite side.]

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SCENE III.—*The Boudoir at Fernihirst.*

Enter Lord JERRISWOOD and Lady JANE in close conversation, followed by CONSTANTIA, who goes and sits down at a work table at the farther end of the Stage, and begins netting.

Lord Jer. My Lady Jane, I think you ought to With a more favourable eye than you [look Have formerly done on the suit I have So long preferred to your Ladyship.

Lady Jane. It rests not my Lord, you know with But with my lady mother ; she does say [me, I am too young yet to be honoured So highly as that of being your Lordship's Bride : but mayhap my Lord, should you address My Lady Fernihirst on this subject, Should she say yes, I will not then say nay.

Lord Jer. [Kneels down and kisses her hand.] Adorable and charming Lady Jane, What more can I expect from so much goodness ? But yet I'll put you to the test, I'll speak Unto my Lady Fernihirst, and I Will so urge my suit she shall not say me nay.

Lady Jane. Do not be too sure of that my Lord ;

Perhaps you do not altogether know  
 My Lady Fernihirst. When she does think  
 That her decree is right, 'tis not; you'll find,  
 The rhetoric of any college will change  
 Her sentiments withal.

Lord Jer. O fairest lady ! your approbation  
 I now have, my next step then is to obtain  
 That of your most noble mother ;  
 And fair Constantia, will you now plead  
 My cause with your much respected friend ?

Const. I will, my Lord; because I know the  
 Is much approv'd by Lady Fernihirst. [match  
 Should she say nay, it is because she thinks  
 The Lady Jane too young by far to be  
 Your Lordship's bride—but I fear dear lady,  
 You are fatigued with your long walk  
 Unto the Caping tree\* this morning. [comes here ?

Lady Jane. O! not at all my love :—but who

*Enter a WARDER with a letter to Lord JERRISWOOD.*

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**SCENE IV.—Delivering the letter to Lord JERRISWOOD.**

2d Warder. A letter for your Lordship ; it was  
 By a vidette who came full speed, and said [sent  
 It must be giv'n forthwith into your hand.

Lord Jer. [Takes the letter.]  
 With your good leave dear Lady Jane. [delay.  
 Lady Jane. Undoubtedly my Lord, make no  
 [He breaks the seal and reads.

*Enter Lady FERNIHIRST.*

Lord Jer. Lord Douglas writes ; he wishes me  
 Unto my Lady Fernihirst, that he [to say  
 Had found this witty knight in Abbey snug  
 With Abbot Potcheen, o'er a flaggon

\* A great tree in Jed Forest.

Of sack and sugar, and that he fears  
 He spoil'd their sport. The knight turn'd angry,  
 And like baited bull he roar'd he would not stay  
 In Abbey close another day, and in the house  
 A cell they had not large enough to stow  
 His jack boots in, much less his person.  
 'Twas Jethart justice thus to treat a knight  
 Who had ta'en sanctuary in their house.

'Twas *strange*, 'twas passing *strange*, that good  
 King James [well,

Could send so *strange* a message; he knew him  
 They'd dane'd, they'd sang, capt verses oft together,  
 And then he roar'd again like baited bull [priests,  
 He would not stay, not he, 'mongst monks and  
 Not for King James himself—and then got up,  
 Threw down the table and four priests who tried  
 To stop his exit. His Lordship adds,  
 On this he call'd the battle axmen out,  
 And all the macers he could find in town,  
 And lock'd him up in Abbot's parlour.  
 And now my Lord he adds, pray send your buglers  
 Unto the Trumpet Know on Oxnam Water  
 And sound the border call, that we may have  
 A squadron of the Crailing band forthwith.

My two buglers, ho! [Enter the BUGLERS] now  
 on to Trumpet Know

On Oxnam side near Westwood fell, and sound  
 The border call; and when you muster strong  
 The Crailing band, conduct them to Lord Douglas  
 At Jedward Abbey gate, and there from him  
 You'll get your orders—and you I'll meet  
 In Jedward town. [Exit Buglers.

And now my Lady I must say good e'en,  
 This duty done I wait on you to-morrow.

[Exit Lord JERRISWOOD.

Const. If your La'ship will give me leave, I think  
 I ought to let my father know what passes  
 In Jedward town. • • • • \*

Lady Fern. I think you ought, tho' I am sorry  
To lose you thus.

[Exit **CONSTANTIA** and **Lady JANE**; **Lady FERNHIRST** following.

SCENE V.—*Jed Forest.*

**Lord DOUGLAS** and **Lord JERRISWOOD** meeting.

Lord Doug. I'm glad I've met you, good Lord Jerriswood;  
The knight is safe and snug, and reconcil'd  
Unto his quarter, when old Pistol came  
And did advise the knight to write unto  
The King. He said he would, aye that he would,  
And he was sure the King would hang me up  
For having treated him in such a guise. [knight?

Lord Jer. And is he quiet now, this huge fat  
Lord Doug. Yes that he is; for when he heard  
Belonging to the Crailing band [the men  
Were muster'd in the Abbey close, he asked  
By whose command he was thus kept pris'ner?  
And when I told him I was warden  
Of the middle marches, he demanded  
My warrant then of his detention;  
And when he saw't and read it he did change  
His key, and said he knew King James' hand.  
But still 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange to  
A stranger thus, whom he knew well [treat  
In England. [too well

Lord Jer. I think my Lord, the King knoweth him  
To trust him at large in his dominions. [stay here

Lord Doug. I think so too; will you my Lord  
And take the ord'ring of the Crailing band,  
Till I report what I have done unto  
The King himself at Holyrood? [stay

Lord Jer. I will my Lord; and I will make my  
In Castle keep till you return again. [we'll go

Lord Doug. Then to the Castle now my Lord

And settle every thing, that our good King  
May be obey'd to his heart's content.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Holyrood.*

King JAMES and Earl DOUGLAS.

K. James. You have secured this witty knight,  
you say  
Lord Douglas? but are you sure he will not  
Slip through your fingers?

Lord Doug. I will be bold to say your Majesty,  
I'll keep him as safe as I did Percy,  
When at Linton Bridge he broke a spear with me,  
And past some days with me at Fernington.

K. James. See it is so my Lord, for you ne'er had  
A wight so cunning or so crafty yet  
To deal with; he has a tongue as subtile  
As Lucifer himself, and if you mind not,  
Big as you know he is he'll slip through  
Your fingers like a Teviot eel.

*Enter Chancellor Creighton.*

Chan. I'm sorry to inform your Majesty  
That Lord Walter Stuart, Duke Murdoch's son  
Of Albany, who was the Governor,  
Is ta'en in arms against your royal rule.

K. James. What can have caus'd this treason?  
At this time have to instigate him to [what can he  
So base an act?

Chan. He does complain your Majesty, that the  
Lands his father gave him in Bute have been  
Sequester'd to the Crown, under the plea  
That old Duke Murdoch had not the pow'r  
To alienate those lands, as they belong'd  
Unto the Crown itself, not to the King.

K. James. And is he alone in this rebellion?

Chan. No, may 't please your Majesty, there is  
besides

Sir Malcolm Fleming, Knight of Cumbernauld,  
With Thomas Boyd of old Kilmarnock town.

K. James. Lord Creighton, how have you dis-  
pos'd of them?

Chan. They are arrested in open show of war,  
And sent unto the fortress of the Bass  
In Firth of Forth, where a Dalrymple  
Has chief command, and he has strict charge  
To guard them well; and I must add your Majesty,  
That old Duke Murdoch resents it sore,  
That I should have committed his own son,  
Ev'n tho' he headed troops against your Majesty.

K. James. He must be pleas'd again. Lord  
Chancellor,  
You've done your duty well. What other letters  
Have you receiv'd this day? \* \* \* \*

Chan. An English messenger came in to-day,  
And brought dispatches to th' Ambassador  
From London Court; I saw him your Majesty  
Some three hours past, and your father-in-law  
Is much displeas'd that his friend the Earl  
Of Lennox is confin'd in Dumbarton.

K. James. On what charge my Lord? what has  
this Earl now done?

Chan. The same treason your Majesty as Duke  
Murdoch's son. This Duke Murdoch, old and  
Did alienate the lands the King himself [weak,  
Could not give to a subject, and because  
They are reclaim'd, those youths forsooth do think  
They're hardly dealt with—and then they take to  
arms,  
And think they may do as they please as when  
Duke Murdoch reign'd. \* \* \*

K. James. I will consider of this a while  
And give you then an answer. Lord Douglas  
You have acted right in this affair,  
So now return to Fernington, and see  
This old knight kindly treated. \* \* \*

Lord Doug. But should this knight your Majesty,

Run riot rig as he has done before,  
How shall we treat him then my liege ? I wish  
Your special orders on this head before  
I leave the Palace. \* \* \* \* [pleas'd,

K. James. If with kind usage he's not well  
Why shut him up in Jedward Castle,  
And let him admire the Dunion, and  
Old Hownam Law, and Chevy-Chase, from it.

Lord Doug. It shall be done your Majesty.

K. James. Who did you say, Lord Douglas,  
you left

The charge of him when you came here ? I hope  
A kindly substitute

Lord Doug. None kinder than Lord Jerriswood.

K. James. None, surely not—tell him I love  
him much. Adieu ! [Exeunt.

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### ACT III.

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**SCENE I.—Officers Guard Room in Holyrood Palace.—Lord LEWIS Colonel of the Guard.—Lieut. GLENBUCKET and Lieutenant M'VICAR.**  
*Early in the morning.*

Lord Lewis. Pray Glenbucket, what song was  
that I heard  
You singing an hour ago ? I think I've  
Heard it somewhere before.

Glen. Most likely my Lord ; it was one I got  
From our noble King when I was his page  
In England : he wrote it in Windsor keep.

Lord Lewis. Ah ! did he so ? I should much  
It sing again. \* \* \* \* [like to hear

Glen. So little I remember of it now,  
My Lord I fear I shall make a bad hand  
Of it ; but if your Lordship will take it  
As I can sing it, I shall not be backward  
In stunning you with my discord. \* \*

**Lord Lewis.** Nay Glenbucket; it has been often said

You were King James' singing page in England,  
And that his Majesty and you did often [not  
Sing in parts; the King's ear is good, and would  
Bear part with one who could not sing at all.

**Glen.** Well good my Lord; if you'll only take it  
As I can give it, such as it is  
It is at your service. \* \* \* \*

**M'Vicar.** You sang it well just now Glenbucket,  
Why should you not do so again?

**Glen.** I'll do my best, and bad you'll find it.

#### SONG.

*(Composed by King James in Windsor Castle Keep.)*

In Scotland was there ever seen  
Such dancing and display,  
At Falkland town upon the green,  
Or Peebles at the play,  
As was of woonders as I ween,  
At high church on that day,  
The maidens came in lace so clean,  
Well busked out and gay,  
In truth that day.

To dance those damsels did delight,  
In manners grave and blate,  
Their gloves well made and very tight,  
Their shoes were trim and neat.  
Their gowans were of a Lincoln bright,  
Well prest with many pletts,  
They were quite nice that very night,  
And elegant in gait

That happy day.

You see my Lord I make but a bad hand  
Of it; and I hardly remember  
How the next verse begins. \* \* \* \*

**Lord Lewis.** If I am not mistaken, M'Vicar  
Can help you out with it; am I wrong Mac?  
You seem to know it as well as Glenbucket.

**M'Vicar.** I know some of the words my Lord,  
but I can't

Sing it. I will help our friend out with them;  
As far as my memory serves. \* \* \*

Glen. I think he ought to sing part of it  
My Lord, as he remembers it so well.

M'Vicar. I will sing second to you Glenbucket ;  
But if I go wrong you must forgive me.

Glen. Well come away Mac, now for the third  
I think it begins,—“ Of all these maids.” [verse :]

M'Vicar. It does so : now for it.

*Song continued.—GLENBUCKET and M'VICAR.*

Of all these maidens mild as mead,  
Was none so nice as Sally ;  
As any rose her cheek was red,  
Her skin was like the lilly.  
Of lovely auburn was her head,  
In love affairs not silly,  
In spite of all her kin, she said  
She would see her own Willy  
Alone that day.

She scorn'd at Jack and sneer'd at Tim,  
And ap'd him with his mocks ;  
Jack wish'd to woo, she'd not let him,  
For all his yellow locks.  
He prais'd her much, she frown'd at him,  
Said he deserv'd the stocks,  
And had his jacket did fit him,  
His legs were like two rocks  
And crook'd that day.

Tom Souter was their minstrel meet,  
Good lord how he could lance,  
He play'd with skill and sang so sweet,  
At Towsie look'd ascance.  
He play'd like Lightfoot up the street,  
The tunes they play in France,  
And what they thought was not discreet,  
He play'd a Maurice dance  
That very day.

*SENTRY without. Turn out the Guard ! The  
King ! The King !—*

M'VICAR repeating. Turn out the Guard !  
 The King ! The King !  
 [They run out like lightning.]

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SCENE II.—*Changes to the front of the Palace of Holyrood; the Guard turn out with rapidity, and forms in front with arms shouldered. Lord Lewis, GLENBUCKET, and M'VICAR, all with swords drawn.*

Glen. Fall in the Guard !

[Lord Lewis falls in on the right of the Guard; GLENBUCKET on the left; and M'VICAR, with the King's Colours, in the centre.]

Lord Lewis. Guard—Dress !

[Enter King JAMES, attended by two EQUERIES.]  
 Rear ranks take open order !

Present arms !

[Last word louder than the rest—the Colours are lowered to the ground—OFFICERS salute.]

K. James. [Taking off his hat.] Your Lordship need not turn out your guard

To me again to-day. I see you've got  
 The new arms for powder; how do you

Like them ? It is a great invention\*. [indeed.

Lord Lewis. Very much your Majesty—much

K. James. Turn in your guard, Lord Lewis;  
 one word more

I have to say to you. \* \* \* \*

Lord Lewis. Shoulder arms ! Rear ranks take  
 close order !

To the right face ! Lodge arms ! Break !

[The SERJEANTS and MEN pile their arms, and go into the Guard Room by the front gate of the Palace; the OFFICERS remain; so does his MAJESTY and EQUERIES.]

K. James. I hear an accident happen'd yesterday

\* They were first used at this period.

In the Castle, with those new harquebuses.

Lord Lewis. I am sorry to say it is too true  
Your Majesty. One of the invalids  
Looking over the parapet as th' men  
Return'd from firing ball cartridge, was shot  
By a recruit's piece going off.

K. James. That was the fault of the officer  
Of the firing party, who ought to have drawn,  
Or rather seen drawn, all the men's charges  
Before he return'd into the Castle. [Majesty,

Lord Lewis. This has been inquir'd into your  
And the officer did see the charges drawn,  
But this foolish youth had had two charges  
In his harquebus. \* \* \* \*

K. James. The officer is not in fault; it is  
A misfortune. I hope the invalid  
Has not left a family to deplore his loss? [child;

Lord Lewis. Yes Sire, he has left a wife and  
Both man and wife are of excellent repute.

K. James. Give her that purse from me my  
Lord, and see [Gives a purse.  
That she has her husband's pension continued  
To her; and let her son be admitted  
Into the orphan school I have founded  
At Abercorn, or rather Duddingston  
I should say,—and tell the Priestfield family  
I do request they'll look to him.

Lord Lewis. It shall be done Sire as you com-  
mand, forthwith. [singing

K. James. I think Lord Lewis, I heard some  
As I approach'd the guard; was it not so?  
I think the air I've heard before. [he says

Lord Lewis. It was my friend Glenbucket Sire;  
Your Majesty did teach it him in Windsor,  
When he was page of honour then with you.

K. James. What! my friend Glenbucket? he  
here, and did  
Not come to court on levee day! O pray  
How comes this my kind Glenbucket? have you

So far forgot your friend of *auld lang syne*?

Glen. Never my liege; but I only arriv'd  
With the Royal Scots from Berwick yesterday;  
I meant to offer my duty to  
Your Majesty the first levee day,  
And I shall not fail to shew myself to  
Your Majesty that day as in duty bound,  
Exclusive of the love I feel for so  
Good a master. \* \* \* \* \* [love you

K. James. Give me your hand Glenbucket, I  
Still. But Lord Lewis, have you yet heard  
How the fat knight who robb'd the Sandwich car-  
Bears Lord Douglas' strait controul? [rier

Lord Lewis. I hear Lord Douglas gives him  
plenty of  
Good sack and sugar and roast beef withal,  
And Abbot Potcheen and him are become  
Two sworn brothers. He says he loves th' Abbot's  
As much as e'er he did Dame Quickly, [niece  
Or even the sweet Ann Page, and that  
Jed Water vale is much more handsome  
Even than Dachet mead, where the merry wives  
Of Windsor town did sous him out of a  
Huge buck basket. [have contain'd

K. James. It must have been huge indeed to  
So great a knight; but I am happy now  
To hear he is contented; besides I  
Know the rogue has honor in his composition,  
If he will give Lord Douglas his parole  
To stay at Jedward Abbey and five miles  
Round, he'll keep his word: therefore Lord Lewis,  
Write by my command unto Lord Douglas,  
And parole him as I have above stated. [Majesty.

Lord Lewis. It shall be done forthwith your  
[Bowing low. Exit the KING into the Palace; the OFFICERS exit into the Officers Guard Room, by the same Porch the KING went out by.

SCENE III.—*The King's Closet; a spacious room in Holyrood House.—The King, the Bishop of Ross, and a Jester.*

K. James. I rejoice to see you my Lord of Ross; What brings you thus unto old Holyrood? I hope nought has vex'd your Lordship.

B. of Ross. Your Majesty perhaps has heard that Lord Walter Stuart's retainers have, By force of arms, re-occupied The lands your Majesty had ordered him To give back unto the church near Dingwall.

K. James. I have my Lord; and I must say It grieves me much that a relation Of my own should thus offend at this time Against the state, and against mother church, When it most behoves all loyal subjects To be most dutiful to both. I have Confin'd him in the Bass. \* \* \*

B. of Ross. So I have heard, and that your Highness has Commanded that he should be strictly guarded; But I since have heard that the Justice General North of the Firth of Forth has ta'en his part, And has permitted this head-strong Lord To deforce the servants of the church. [I know

K. James. You're misinformed in this my Lord; The Justice General had some doubts about the Of law; but he ne'er permitted the breach [point Of peace you now complain of.

B. of Ross. I am told your Highness, the Justice Attended by many noblemen [General, Of your council and kinsmen of his own, Went to the standing stones near Dingwell town, And this deforcement can be prov'd at once By witnesses. \* \* \* \* [all done

K. James. You are misinform'd my Lord; 'twas By the order of Lord Walter; besides I must now say the Justice General himself

Has made report to me on this grave subject.

The offender he has tried and pronounc'd

Sentence of his court upon him, directing

That he shall be arrested and his person

Be deliver'd over instanter

To the authorities, to be dealt with

As I shall them command : and I now have

Sent my cousin Walter unto the Bass,

And there he'll stay until he mends his manners..

B. of Ross. Then your Highness does not intend

To let the last sentence of the law [I think,

Pass on him this time?

K. James. Not for the first offence Lord Bishop ;

Although there are other charges *too*

Of graver note against this youth. [the Queen

B. of Ross. You know not this youth. Perhaps

May have occasion to repent this

In sackloth, and with bitter tears. [this

K. James. You prophecy my death my Lord ; is

Not treason 'gainst the state ? [your Highness

B. of Ross. I hope not ; to warn and counsel

Is my duty, as spiritual Lord

In this realm : you will repent

This kindness most generous King.

Fool. You are now very cross,

My good Bishop of Ross.

B. of Ross. I must not be interrupted by a fool.

Fool. No ; not so great a fool as your Lordship.

B. of Ross. What do you mean merryman ?

Fool. Takes me to be your Lordship ; takes me

to be—

B. of Ross. Be off with you, you man of many

Fool. [Aside.] Fiddle-de-dee—my Lord of Ross,

As I now see—so very cross.

B. of Ross. Besides your Highness, I have to

In Dingwall they burnt me in effigy.

Fool. O ! who's fool now my Lord of Ross,

You should not be so very cross,

And then the people of your see  
 Would not burn you in effigy.  
 O noble, gallant, brave young King,  
 The whole fine country round will ring,  
 If you forgive not th' first offence,  
 Or hear this young man's own defence.  
 He is not good, O well I know,  
 But better yet this youth may grow,  
 Forgive him this time, O great King !  
 And O forgive my plain dealing !  
 Nothing does honor Majesty,  
 Or temper justice, as we see,  
 As mercy, attribute divine,  
 To pray for mercy is no crime;  
*Aint* it so my Lord of Ross ?  
 Without mercy all is dross. [allow

K. James. Hold your peace merryman; if I  
 You thus to prate you'll ne'er have an end.  
 My Lord of Ross, I will (you may depend)  
 Pay due attention to what you now say.

B. of Ross. I hope your Highness *will*, for this  
 Is a most dangerous subject. [young man

*[The KING rings the bell—a PAGE enters.*

K. James. Attend my Lord of Ross to his palfrey.

*[Exit the BISHOP of Ross and the PAGE.*

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SCENE IV.—Enter General POLWARTH, first  
 EQUERY.

K. James. Well General, have you heard any  
 more  
 From Lord Douglas about this mountain man  
 We do remember so many years ago  
 At Windsor Castle, in great Harry's time ?  
 Gen. Pol. Yes your Majesty; I have again had  
 A second dispatch from his Lordship;  
 Here it is. *[Takes out a paper and reads.]* His  
 Lordship says in it,  
 That Sir John does thank your Majesty

For the parole you've put him on ; besides  
 Lord Douglas says the Abbot wish'd to take  
 Sir John a hunting : where will you find a horse  
 To carry me said he, Sir Abbot ?  
 To which Potcheen replied, my grey gelding—  
 Sir John says, upon a Scottish grey  
 He soon will be taken for the trumpet major  
 Of old Harry's beef-eaters—and all  
 The Lauther lairds would laugh at him ; and then  
 The Abbot ask'd him if he would go  
 A shooting :—he said, and laugh'd,—  
 Pistol's the man to go a shooting ;  
 Ancient Pistol once shot at Gadshill  
 The dunghill cock belonging to the  
 Beef-stake house, and swore it was a pheasant.  
 The Prior ask'd him then, if he would go  
 A salmon fishing with him and the laird  
 Of old St Juliers ? aye that he would, and catch  
 As odd a fish, but not so large, as himself.  
 And what's the name, said he, of this old laird ?  
 And when they told him it was Nimrod Snipe,  
 He said the Prior sang a song about  
 This laird the by gone night.

Fool. O I have heard it ; I will sing it too  
 If your Highness will give me leave.  
 K. James. With all my heart good fool ; thou  
 A merry fellow—Robin Goodfellow [art  
 Is thy name, aint it ?—  
 Fool. It is my calling to amuse your Highness,  
 [Aside.] And instruct you when I can.

#### SONG.

Nimrod Snipe liv'd near a lin,  
 In a cot neat, new, and bield,  
 Fish he caught by lip or fin,  
 O Snipe he was a funny chield !

At dawn of day he left his bed,  
 And soon he was far a-field,  
 Where moor game and the woodcock breed,  
 For Nimrod was a sporting chield.

The Laird o' Link went there to shoot,  
 Fell o'er a crag, his nose he peel'd,  
 Nought he kill'd but a young piet,  
 For Link he was a blinking chield.

Nimrod play'd upon the kit  
 To the maidens when they reel'd,  
 Aye their fancy he did hit,  
 For Snipe he was a funny chield.

Of wealth sharp Nimrod had not much,  
 He had a cot and nineteen fields,  
 Tho' he was saving as the Dutch,  
 He always was a gen'rous chield.

Gen. Pol. Your song is too long merryman;  
 you'll tire  
 His Highness.

Fool. His Highness's patience is longer by far  
 Than you are aware of; but as you have  
 Ask'd me to sing, you must take my song  
 As you find it—I never stop  
 In the middle of any thing—for I despise  
 Half measures prodigiously.

*Song continued.*

At night good toddy he did sip,  
 Until good soul he sometimes reel'd,  
 In the lin once got a dip,  
 Then Nimrod was a drooked chield.

Nimrod lov'd a maiden fair,  
 To see her once the *Toor* he speel'd,  
 Will you wed to me love, swear  
 That I will my strapping chield.

Ellen lov'd her Nimrod well,  
 Long he courted, would not yield,  
 He put his hand into the creel,  
 He got an eel the lucky chield.

To kirk he went in a green grove  
 With Ellen, and the rite he seal'd;  
 She swore to him eternal love,  
 She thought him then a funny chield.

Three daughters first blythe Nimrod had,  
 Then six sons his knees they spool'd,  
 The eldest was a strapping lad,  
 Like the auld and funny chield.

K. James. I like your song merryman, but 'tis  
 too long.

Fool. Why did your Majesty make it so long?  
 Let me ask your Highness that?

K. James. Because I had nothing else to do;  
 But away with you now merryman—  
 I have something else to do now than cap  
 Verses with any man, or even to write them.

[Exit Fool.

Enter 1st PAGE.

1st Page. The Lord Chancellor your Highness.

K. James. Show him in.

Enter Lord CHANCELLOR CREIGHTON.

Lord Chan. [Bow ing very profoundly three  
 times; placing both hands on his breast at  
 the same time.]

I wait on your Highness at this time to say  
 The lords spiritual and temporal,  
 Assembl'd by your Majesty's command,  
 Now wait your orders in their ancient house  
 In the Parliament Close. [and I'll

K. James. I thank you good Lord Chancellor,  
 Not detain the Lords and Commons who now  
 Wait my presence.

[Exit the KING, attended by the Lord CHAN-  
 CELLOR and General POLWARTH.]

**SCENE V.—Changes to the inside of the Parliament House. Throne, Woolsack, Clerk's table, with the maces and papers. LORDS, BISHOPS, mitred Abbotts, and COMMONS assembled.—Great flourish of trumpets and kettle drums; all rise and uncover.**

*Enter the KING, Lord CHANCELLOR, and General POLWARTH, with two other EQUERIES.—The KING in his royal robes seats himself on the throne. Another flourish of trumpets and kettle drums. The KING rises and addresses the house.*

K. James. I've learn'd from my tender years,  
my Lords

And Gentlemen of the House of Commons,  
That royalty consisteth not so much  
In a chair of state as in such actions  
Which do well become a Prince.—What mine  
Have been since my coming home, and government  
Amongst you, I take God, and then yourselves  
For witnesses, if all of them be not  
Agreeable to you; and if any  
Rigorous dealing be us'd against some,  
Let him who is touched lay aside  
His particulars, and look to the sett'ling  
Of justice in the state, and public good  
Of the whole kingdom, and he shall find  
His sufferings tolerable,—perhaps  
Necessary,—and according to th' time  
Deserv'd. I have endeavour'd to take  
Away all discords, abolish factions,  
*Suppress oppression, as no foreign power*  
Hath attempted aught against you hiterto,  
So that you should not endeavour aught  
Against another, nor any thing against  
The public and the sovereign weal. Slow have I  
Been in punishing injuries done to  
Myself, but can hardly pardon such  
As are done to the commonwealth; for this

I have call'd this Parliament, let rapine  
 And outrage be no more heard of, but every  
 Man recal himself unto a civil  
 And regular form of life ; especially  
 You my nobles, think virtue and civility  
 True nobility—that to be accounted  
 Noblest which is best—and that one's own worth  
 Begets true glory ; by these, and th' obedience  
 To their Princes, your ancestors acquir'd  
 What we now enjoy. There is no stronger  
 Means to keep the goods acquired from a Prince,  
 Than the same by which they were first purchas'd,  
 Which is still obeying ; though by leagues,  
 Factions, and the confounding all policy  
 And order of government, man may imagine  
 He can shun the judicatories of men,  
 Let none, how great so ever, conceive  
 He can save his wrongs unpunish'd from  
 The Almighty hand of God. Ye must not  
 Hereafter count authority, honesty,  
 And virtue, idle names, nor reckon that right  
 Which ye may win or hold by dint of sword.  
 For me, I will behave myself in my  
 Proceedings as I must answer to God ;  
 And for you my subjects, do as ye shall  
 Answer to God first, and after to your Prince,  
 Whom Almighty God hath set over you.  
 No man's greatness shall appal me  
 In doing right ; nor the meanness of any  
 Make him so contemptible, that I shall not  
 Give ear unto his grievance ; for I will  
 Strive to do justice on oppressors,  
 And support the innocent to th' uttermost.  
 And now my subjects, in the presence  
 Of your Prince, I call upon you to take  
 With me a mutual oath to support  
 Me in the maintainance of government.  
 For me, I swear by all that is omnipotent,

[Holding up his right hand.]

That if any make war against Scotland,  
 Or go about to overthrow the laws  
 Of this ancient kingdom, to resist  
 And invade him, with all my sovereign power,  
 I swear. [*Still holding up his hand.*]  
 And you my Estates, I expect of you  
 To swear [*they all hold up their right hands*] that  
 if any by open rebellion  
 Shall revolt or conspire against the King,  
 Or be found to be the authors of factions,  
 You will assist and side with me, the King,  
 With all your forces, after what manner  
 I shall command.

All. We swear. [*All hold up their right hands.*]  
 The King. And here we make a solemn act and  
 To put down all subjects leaguing against [league,  
 The King or the Estates.

All. We swear. [*As above.*]  
 K. James. And to you, my Lord Bishops and  
 Clergy, I swear to defend th' rights of the Church,  
 And to restore all Church lands unjustly  
 Detain'd from you during the time  
 Of my captivity ; and that they shall  
 Be all restor'd to you—I swear.

[*Holding up his right hand.*  
 And now my Lords, I shall leave you  
 To carry on the business of the State.

[*Exit King JAMES and attendants.*

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SCENE VI.—*The Castle on the Bass.* Lord  
 WALTER STUART, MALCOLM FLEMING, THO-  
 MAS BOYD, and the UNDER KEEPER.

U. Keep. Lord Walter, that vile monkey you  
 have brought  
 With you, has kick'd up the devil's delight  
 Among my wife's earthenware last night.  
 Lord Walter. I am sorry to hear it keeper, but  
 It is the nature of the beast.

U. Keep. It may be so my Lord; but your Lord-  
Will be the sufferer, as we are [ship  
So far from shore they cannot be replac'd  
By breakfast time.

Lord Walter. Then let us have the oakwood  
Trenchers or pewter plate; hunger is good sauce,  
And the keen air of this place so sharps  
My appetite, that I could eat my meals  
With a knife off a sea-biscuit.

U. Keep. It must be so my Lord; for master  
Monkey has made but one *sweep* of all the ware.

Lord Wal. And I suppose a *sweep* of himself too.

U. Keep. Yes in truth he has my Lord; for he  
Has hid himself in kitchen chimney, and  
'Tis well that so he's done, as he has broke  
My old dame's only looking glass, and she vows,  
Much as she loves your Lordship, such are her words,  
If she does catch this master quacko,  
She'll send him headlong o'er the rock.

But who's to pay for them please your Lordship?

Lord Walter. Who should pay for them fellow,  
but myself? [shorter

U. Keep. If the King should make your Lordship  
By the head, I fear my bill would be protested,  
And I see a boat coming this way just now,  
It may contain bad news mayhap my Lord.

Lord Walter. It may so Duncan; but that gold  
Piece will pay all the damage I dare say.

U. Keep. It will require that and another  
My Lord, to replace my dame's looking-glass.

Lord Walter. Well, there it is Crabtree; and  
The monkey you shall have into the bargain.

U. Keep. No I thank your Lordship; I like his  
Room better than his company; he has swept  
My house clean of all the pretty delft  
I got from Holland, when Captain Girstencorn  
Last came over; but I must go and see  
What news this express boat brings from Berwick,  
It may be good or it may be bad. [Exit KEEPER.

Malcolm. I fear the worst Walter ; the King  
 Vows no rebellion shall go unpunish'd  
 While he has rule in Scotland ; and you know  
 How kindly he always treated you since  
 He came home.

Lord Walter. Was it treating me well, Malcolm,  
 To take the Church lands in Ross-shire from me ?

Malcolm. How could he help it ? they belong'd  
 to th' Church,  
 Not to the State, when your father the Duke  
 Gave them you ; and it was not the King,  
 But the Justice General, who awarded  
 Them back to the Bishop of Ross.

Lord Walter. That may be ; but, Tom Boyd,  
 do try and learn  
 What news this express boat brings.

T. Boyd. I will my Lord ; but I fear no good.  
 [Exit Sir THOMAS BOYD.

Lord Walter. Zounds ! Malcolm, my neckcloth's  
 too tight,  
 And my head swims as tho' I were in a ship ;  
 Give me a chair. [Gives him a chair.] If e'er I get  
 Over this, I will prove myself the best  
 Subject in all our Scottish land.—  
 The Princely James, and the Stuarts all,  
 Whose warlike swords were never drawn in vain,  
 Shall catch me not in such a fray again.

Malcolm. Do not be too hasty in your resolves.  
 Lord Walter. You shall see ; time will prove  
 every thing.

Malcolm. It will so Walter, but I have my doubts.

Lord Walter. Do you not think my father, the  
 Great Duke

Of Albany, acted strangely when he had  
 All the power of the Crown in his own hand,  
 To let the lion whelp loose upon us ?

Malcolm. It was all your own fault ; had you not  
 Kill'd his favourite falcon, which he lov'd more  
 Than any child he had, your neck this day

Would not have run so great a risk.

[Sir T. Boyd without. *Hurra! hurra! hurra!*

*Good news! good news!*]

Blackhood will have no job this time.

*Enter Sir T. Boyd and the KEEPER, with a paper.*

U. Keep. I have this from the Governor at North Berwick,

His Excellency says that the good King,  
On the interceding of the nobility,  
Has been graciously pleas'd from this day,  
It being the first offence, and on that  
Account only, he forgives Lord Walter  
Stuart, Sir Thomas Boyd, and Malcolm Fleming,  
And I am forthwith to discharge them,  
But at the same time to warn them gravely,  
That as he means to promise to his States,  
From this time forth never to pardon  
Treason of any kind, either against  
Himself or the States of the kingdom,  
If ever they are found in arms again  
No pow'r on earth, not even the ties of blood,  
Shall save them from the punishment  
They may deserve, or have awarded.

Lord Walter. And if ever they catch me in arms  
Again, they may hang me up at the end  
Of the armoury in Edinborough Castle,  
That all the town may see and point at me  
For the greatest fool the sun e'er shone upon.

Malcolm. See that it is so my Lord; but I fear  
That your resolves in old Bass isle  
May not be six weeks old before you play  
The fool again.

Lord Walter. Why so, my Malcolm?

Malcolm. You're changeable my Lord; almost  
as much

As that weather-cock you see now traverse  
On this dungeon keep. [Lord?

U. Keep. What am I to do with the monkey my

Lord Walter. Keep him to sweep your chimnies,  
keeper.

U. Keep. I'll have none of him my Lord ; I'll  
send him off.

With your Lordship's baggage in the Berwick boat.

Lord Walter. Well do so keeper ; farewell my  
Crabtree.

U. Keep. Farewell my Lord ; and better luck  
attend you. [Exeunt.

**SCENE VII.—A Corridore, or Passage in Holy-  
rood House ; dark in the morning.** **BUTLER,**  
**or PURVEYOR of the Royal Household.** **ESTER**  
**discovers the BUTLER carrying off wine in his**  
**pockets out of the wine cellars.** **The JESTER**  
**takes two bottles out of the BUTLER's pockets.**

Jester. Butler, Butler, have I caught you  
Stealing wine ? 'twas old Nick taught you ;  
By the colour this is sack,

A bottle with a friend to crack.

Butler. That was very ill done Mr Jester ;  
You know my wife is sick, and the doctor  
Said a glass of sack was good for her.  
Besides I ask'd the comptroller yesterday  
For one bottle. \* \*

Jester. And the comptroller you did ask,  
For one bottle or a flask,  
And this you did by way of mask ;  
For look you I found two bottles  
Here, surrounded with good wattles.

*Enter the CLERK of the Kitchen.*

I here proclaim you now a thief,  
So make your exit and be brief ;  
Didn't you steal this fine sack wine,  
Which cost the King a bizantine ?

Butler. If you won't tell Mr Merryman,  
I'll give you the best *gruiere* which comes  
From France this year from Charles the VII.

Jester. No cheese parings, no candle ends,  
 Will bribe me now, you ugly fiend,  
 To cozen or to cheat the King ;  
 With your crime the house shall ring,  
 And I've a witness here you see,  
 Of your shameful villainy,  
 And of the kitchen here's the clerk,  
 You did not see him in the dark,  
 And honesty is virtue bright,  
 In the day or in the night ;  
 So change your manners if you please,  
 For thieving is a bad disease ;  
 You to the gallows it will bring,  
 If I now tell our noble King,  
 But I advise you off to hop,  
 E'er the hangman gets your crop.

Butler. I think his advice is not out of th' way,  
 So I will set off for France by the first  
 Argusi which sails from Leith.

[*Exit the BUTLER, CLERK of the Kitchen, and JESTER.*]

**SCENE VIII.—*The King's Closet.* The KING  
 at a table, with pen, ink, and paper.**

K. James. That I've had no news from old  
 Craigmillar  
 Does much surprise me. If I do not hear  
 Soon, I'll send a messenger to enquire  
 If all is well. I would not lose my Jane  
 For half my kingdom, she has been so good  
 A wife to me.

*Enter a PAGE of Honor.*

1st Page. The Lady Fernihirst your Majesty,  
 Does wish to have audience of your Highness.

K. James. Show her up : this is from that quar-  
 My mind will be set at rest. [ter,—now  
 I was sorry I was oblig'd to stay

So long away from her. But there has been  
 So lax a reign, and the enormities  
 Have been so great, that I was obliged  
 To make a progress through the whole kingdom  
 To do justice on malefactors ;  
 I have pardoned wherever I could,—  
 Lord Walter Stuart I let go free,  
 And I hope it will make a proper  
 Impression on him.

*Enter Lady FERNHIRST and the BISHOP of Aberdeen.*

Lady Fern. [Courtesying three times lowly.]  
 Most gracious Sovereign, I have the honour  
 And happiness to announce to your Highness,  
 That your august consort Queen Jane, has given  
 Within this hour two princes to the state\*  
 And to your Majesty ; and that all three  
 Are doing well. \* \* \* \* \*

K. James. To God be all the honour and glory !  
 Thank God ! thank God !

All. Thank God. [The guns of the Castle are  
 heard in the distance, firing a royal salute,  
 and the bells of the High Church.]

K. James. And as you are here Lord Bishop,  
 Bless them at the altar, and give them [you shall  
 The names of Alexander†, in honour  
 Of my native country, and \* \* \* \* [Sire ;

Lady Fern. [Interrupting.] Pardon, gracious  
 The Queen desir'd that I would say unto  
 Your Majesty, that she begs you will  
 Call one of them James, at her own request.

K. James. It shall be so, illustrious lady ;  
 And as your Ladyship has brought me  
 Such good news, I will appoint you Governess  
 To the two Princes, and the fine air

\* October 1430.

† Alexander died in his infancy, and James became King.

Of Fernihirst will make them strong and hearty  
As those gallant sons you gave unto  
Your house have ever, and will ever be.

Lady Fern. [*Courtesying profoundly.*] A thousand thanks, most gracious King; and I Am proud to think that this honour should be Intended for me by both your Highnesses, As my illustrious mistress Queen Jane, Did honour me so far as to say To me, she would request this favour For me of your Majesty. \* \* \*

K. James. I am glad I have anticipated My good Queen's wishes; my Lord of Aberdeen, I request you will in my name see This patent made out, and when they are Of proper age (I mean those Princes), Their education shall be intrusted To your care.

B. of Aber. [*Bowing profoundly.*] I am most highly honoured, my most Gracious master.

K. James. And I request besides Lord Bishop, That you will write Lord Douglas that he come At once to Edinburgh, and be the parent At the altar to my sons; and that he will Bring his son Lord William, whom I shall dub The first of fifty knights; and also order Sir Gilbert Kennedy, my sister's son, Who is confin'd in Stirling Castle keep, And such other prisoners as I shall name, Be set at liberty.

B. of Aber. It shall be done your Highness. [*Exit the Bishop of Aberdeen and Lady Fernihirst.*]

*Enter the Lord CHANCELLOR of Scotland.*

K. James. Welcome, my Lord Chancellor; I suppose

You have heard the joyful intelligence?

Lord Chan. I have your Highness ; and I con-  
gratulate

You on so happy an event for the nation.  
But I much fear I have news which will not  
Please your Majesty, but it must be forthwith  
Reported, as in duty bound great Sire,  
Even in the face of so happy an event

As has just taken place. [subjects

K. James. Speak out my Lord ; I know I have  
Of most turbulent and unruly natures  
To control ; but I trust by kindly means  
I shall overcome them,—and if that  
Will not do, there is the iron hand  
Of the law must do its duty.

Lord Chan. Your Majesty's leniency with  
Lord Walter Stuart has had no good effect ;  
Murdoch Duke of Albany, with his sons  
Lords Walter and Alexander are,  
My honour'd master, in arms against  
The state ; likewise Duncan Earl of Lennox  
And Robert Graham,—because the lands belonging  
To the Crown have been taken possession of  
By the Lord Justice General. Sir Thomas Kellie  
Is gone forth with the royal forces,  
As his duty call'd upon him to do,  
And attack'd them near Perth  
And beat them ; they retir'd even as far  
As the Lakes. Murdoch intended to make  
All north of them a kingdom, but  
Brave Sir Thomas follow'd him even as far  
As the Ord of Caithness, where the President  
Of the north, Sir John de Donaldbain,  
And his brother William, brought their troops up  
In his rear, and being between two fires,  
They surrender'd themselves prisoners  
Unto the royal forces. Sir Thomas  
Sent the Duke first to Inverness, and then  
To Carlaverack ; Lords Walter and  
Alexander, Lord Lennox, and Robert

Graham, were sent to Falkland; the Lord of Angus  
And the Earl of March, with Walter Ogilby,  
Are committed to Loch Leven.

K. James. This is atrocious! [mas Hay

Lord Chan. Adam Hepburn of Hayles, and Tho-  
Of Yester, are sent to St Andrew's Castle.

K. James. I am heartily sorry to hear all this,  
My Lord; but as to the Earls of Angus  
And March, and Ogilby of Chesters,  
After duly counselling them let them  
Be set at liberty. Let the Duke's castles  
Of Falkland and Monteith\* be seized  
For the crown out of hand my Lord.

Lord Chan. But the Duchess your Majesty—

K. James. Let her be remov'd unto Tantallan  
In East Lothian; let the Duke be tried,  
And if found guilty I will give farther  
Orders about him and his sons. I do  
Not intend to let the law take its course.

Lord Chan. It shall all be done as your Majesty  
Commands; but you are too lenient  
By far,—your Highness will find it will have  
A bad effect. \* \* \* \*

K. James. They are my near relations, and  
Had me releas'd from captivity. [Duke Murdoch

Lord Chan. Not so soon as he should have done  
your Highness;  
And not until he found he neither could  
Command the state nor his own sons; and now  
He goes into rebellion, because the lands  
He had no right to take, or give away,  
Are reclaim'd by the crown.

K. James. Your advice is good my Lord; but  
Still they are my relations. \* \* \*

*Enter the Lord TREASURER.*

Lord Treas. Please your Majesty, I have just  
By a letter I have from Sir Thomas [heard

\* Down in Monteith.

Kellie, that Lord James Stuart (the Youngest son of the Duke of Albany, Whose former carriage was so harmless That he had excited no suspicion Of treachery), after the committing Of his father and brothers, collected A number of outlaws and mountaineers On the day of *the Invention of the Cross*, And went to th' town of Dumbarton, set it On fire,—surprised Sir John Stuart Of Dundonald surnamed the Red, uncle To your Majesty, slew him with thirty Others ;—after which cruel advising He fled to Ireland, where of his wounds He died. He took with him the wife of Lord Walter and two of her sons, and there They are without protection—starving.

K. James. This is too much for human patience. Lord Chancellor, let the Duke of Albany And his two unworthy sons forthwith Be brought to trial, and if found guilty Let them be immediately beheaded, And let the Earl of Lennox share their fate.

Lord Chan. It shall be done your Majesty, forthwith, And I shall report thereupon hereafter.

[*Exit the KING, followed by the Lord CHAN-CELLOR and the Lord TREASURER.*]

*Enter the COMPTROLLER of the Household, viz. the first EQUERY, and the JESTER and CLERK of the Kitchen. COMPTROLLER's Office, Holyrood.*

Jester. [*Delivering to the Comptroller two bottles.*] These two flasks of fine old sack, Which the Butler meant to crack With some friend, I found him thieving,— Said it was but a small leaving Of sack wine the old King of Spain Sent King James for some champaigne,

He sent to him some years by-gone,  
When his Queen brought him a son.

Comp. Where's the Butler ? send him to me.

Jester. He sail'd this morning in th' argusi.

Comp. You caught him thieving this sack wine ?

Jester. Yes Sir,—that, with some muscadine.

Comp. Have you a witness of this fact ?

Jester. Here is a man who saw the act ;

This man was by when it was done,

It was high Sir, O right good fun ;

He saw me catch him with the wine,

This old drunken libertine.

Comp. You say he's gone by th' argusi,  
Which went this morning off for sea ?

Jester. Yes Sir, he went to port of Leith,  
He said so Sir,—'tis my belief  
You'll never see this man again.

Comp. At this I shall not now complain,  
The man had better go to school,  
Who buys you Tom for a great fool ;  
More knave my lad, than fool I think,  
In nabbing this sly thief of drink.

Jester. Where shall I this wine deposit ?

Comp. Take it to the King's own closet.

[*Exit FOOL and CLERK of the Kitchen.*

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SCENE IX.—*King's Closet.* King JAMES.

*Enter JESTER and CLERK of the Kitchen.*

Jester. Two bottles Sire, I bring to thee,  
With which the butler made too free,  
I am desir'd to bring it here,  
Before you Sire now to compeer ;  
'To the comptroller I've made it plain,  
This man he'll never see again,  
He's hopt the twig, he's gone to sea  
This morning in th' argusi.

K. James. I have no time on this to think,  
Give me now the pen and ink. [KING sits down.

*Enter the Lord CHANCELLOR.*

Lord Chan. I've to report unto your Majesty  
 That Lord Athol, President of the Court  
 Of Session, after investigating  
 The case of the Duke of Albany,  
 Had him and his sons tried by the House  
 Of Peers, where they were all found guilty,  
 And, in obedience of your Majesty's  
 Commands, the two sons, Walter and Alexander,  
 Were executed yesterday on the  
 Castle Hill ; and this morning the Duke  
 And Lord Lennox shar'd the same fate.

K. James. I had no alternative ; all kindness  
 Was tried to bring them round, but of no avail.  
 When gentle measures will not do,  
 The law must then be kept in view. [too long ;

Lord Chan. Your Majesty had forebore much  
 And now those Lords and Gentlemen who did  
 Depend upon the pow'r of this great Duke,  
 Do see he's fallen with his two sons,  
 Most grievously they'll be perplex'd. [my Lord,

K. James. That they certainly will be ; and now  
 Like a good physician I'll take no more  
 Blood than necessary. This will stop  
 The disease, and all faction in future :  
 And now Lord Chancellor, set all at liberty  
 On their promise of loyal demeanour  
 And dutiful obedience in time  
 To come. \* \* \* \*

*Enter Lord JOHN STUART of Darnley.*

Lord Chan. And now your Majesty, the King  
 of France,  
 Charles the VII. hath sent Lord John Stuart  
 Of Darnley\*, and Renald of Chartres, [Enter RE-  
 NALD of Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims.]  
 Archbishop of Rheims, as Ambassadors

\* Near Darnook, N.E.

Unto your Majesty ; but let them speak  
For themselves. \* \* \* \*

K. James. I shall be happy to hear what my noble  
Cousin of Darnley has to say in behalf  
Of his august Sovereign, the King of France.

Lord Darn. I am sent your Majesty, with my  
Colleague the Archbishop of Rheims,  
To renew the ancient league between  
The French and Scots ; but the main business  
On which we come, is to propose  
A marriage between Louis the Dauphin,  
Though still very young, and Princess Margaret,  
Your Majesty's eldest daughter. \* \* \*

K. James. I can have no hesitation in renewing  
The old league and amity between  
France and Scotland ; this I easily  
Condescend to, it being but a witness  
To the world of our mutual kindness.

Archb. But to your Majesty I would propose  
The following basis, or articles :

K. James. Let me hear them your Excellency.

Archb. First, The war or injury mov'd or done  
By the English to either of the said  
Nations, to be as common wrong to both.  
Secondly, If the English make war  
On France, then the Scots, at the cost and charge  
Of the French King, shall minister succour to them.  
Likewise, if the Scots be molested  
With English wars, the French nation, having  
Their charges allowed, shall be to them  
Both aiders and assisters.  
Thirdly, That none of either nation shall  
Contract or make peace with England  
Without the free consent and agreement  
Of the other.

K. James. Draw up those articles, Lord Chan-  
cellor,  
And I will sign them. Margaret is a  
Charming woman, and the Dauphin will have

A treasure in her—for, Lord John, I fear  
I have no other to give him.

Lord John. My master, your Majesty, looks not  
for money,  
But for alliance.

[A shot heard below.]

*Enter Foot in a hurry, followed by two of the  
GUARD.*

Jester. A boon,—a boon, my Sire,—a boon.  
1st Sold. He has fired off the sentry's *goon*,  
Jester. I pull'd a thing not a whit bigger  
Than a cherry—they call a trigger,  
And off then went the sentry's *goon*.  
They swear, my Sire, they will put me  
Into the stocks up to the knee.

1st Sold. He pull'd my hair, he chalk'd his nose,  
And to the guard gives no repose,  
To the men he makes much laughter,  
He ought to wed the gunner's daughter.

Jester. No gunner's daughter Sire for me,  
Nor the stocks up to the knee.

K. James. I will forgive him for this time,  
He pleads his cause in such *droll* rhyme.

*Enter Lord DOUGLAS.*

K. James. My noble Lord Douglas, I'm glad to  
see you.

What has brought you to court at this time?

Lord Doug. To request your Majesty will use  
Your interest with Lady Fernihirst,  
To permit me to wed her daughter,  
Lady Jane. I have both their approbation,  
But her Ladyship so preaches up procrastination,  
That I fear some ill luck will happen  
And mar my marriage.

K. James. Your Lordship shall have my best  
And as the Princess Margaret is about [services;  
To give her hand unto the Dauphin,  
We'll hold your Lordship's nuptials the same day.

Lord Doug. A thousand thanks, most gracious  
 I'm now completely repaid for all [Sovereign!  
 My services. Will your Majesty permit  
 Me, as one of your most devoted subjects,  
 To congratulate *you*, and my country,  
 On so splendid an alliance?

All. We all join in the congratulation.

K. James. But Lord Douglas, Lady Jane, I  
 Thought, was to marry Lord Jerriswood.

Lord Doug. Lord Jerriswood, your Majesty,  
 was kill'd  
 By a stag six months ago at Darnchester,  
 And laid in Coldstream church-yard.

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#### ACT IV.

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#### SCENE I.—*Changes to an Outlaw's Cave in the Highlands.* OUTLAWS.

##### SONG.

*Outlaw's wife.* The kale is boil'd, the meat is stew'd,  
 It is long while the malt was brew'd ;  
 Good is the wine, the whisky's old,  
 The cakes are prime, they cost no gold.

*Outlaw.* We shoot black cock, we kill our deer,  
 We pick the flock, none do we fear ;  
 We search the roost, the ponds we fish,  
 Live at free cost for ev'ry dish.

*Outlaw's son.* We trav'lers stop, we take their geer  
 At the eve's drop, both far and near ;  
 In war we fight, we take our glass,  
 Care nought for right, rob all who pass.

*Outlaw's daughter.* At night we dance, by day we sing,  
 And may some chance a husband bring ;  
 We have fine clothes, and ribbons too,  
 Much more than those, and much more new.

*Enter several wounded REBELS.*

1st Rebel. Neighbour, will you give some  
 wounded soldiers

A night's lodging? we have come far, and are  
Very tir'd. [choose.]

Outlaw. Yes, in the upper cave friend, if you  
1st Rebel. Is it dry friend, for I hate damp  
quarters.

Outlaw. So do I—therefore I never give them  
To any one; you will find it as dry  
As leaves and hay can make it. \* \* \*  
But mayhap *you have been out* in those times,  
You seem as if you have not got off.  
Scot free—if I am to judge by your  
Running rigging. \* \* \* \*

1st Rebel. Yes, you may call it running rigging,  
For we have been obliged to run like  
Scalded monkeys; and as for having been out,  
We have been devilishly out, for  
Our army has been beat all to nothing.

Outlaw. What, is the great Lord of the Isles beat  
By King James, that youth who came from Eng-  
land?

1st Rebel. Beat! aye beaten all to mummy, and  
Taken prisoner;—Alexander Lord o' th' Isles,  
And his cousin-german Duncan Balloch,  
A man of haughty mind, resenting  
The King's proceeding against his cousin—  
John, rais'd a great number of outlaws  
And robbers, and invaded Lochaber,  
Omitting no cruelty which enrag'd  
Desperadoes could think off. Alexander  
Earl of Mar, and Allan Earl of Caithness,  
With such army as they could raise made stand  
Against them, till James himself, with  
The Saxons or Lowlanders, General  
Polwarth with the borderers—

Outlaw. Those men could do nothing against  
The Highlanders and Islanders together.

1st Rebel. Aye but they did tho'; Sir Thomas  
Kellie with the Fife men came up and fought us  
At Ruthven, and made us run, neck or nothing;

But Allan of Caithness was slain that day.  
 However we still retreated, when  
 Sir John Donaldbain and his brother William,  
 Came from the Ord of Caithness in our rear,  
 And beat us out of the field. Duncan  
 Balloch was taken prisoner.

Outlaw. And were made shorter by the head?  
 1st Rebel. You shall hear:—the King forgave  
 And return'd to Dunstafnage; but [them all,  
 The Lord of the Isles and his cousin  
 Duncan Balloch, thinking that the King  
 Durst not punish them, took arms again,  
 And fought a battle with General  
 Polwarth at Loch Garry, where both were taken  
 Prisoners again, with Angus Duff  
 Of Strathnavern, and Angus Murray,—  
 Those last the King forgave and set them free.

Outlaw. And what became of the Lord of the  
 Isles?

1st Rebel. General Polwarth was order'd  
 To take him to Ruthven, where he had fought.  
 And receiv'd his pardon, and had him  
 Executed there; even then the King  
 Would have spar'd them, but in this inroad  
 They enter'd Inverness, where they were  
 Receiv'd courteously—he dispers'd his men  
 Among the fens and hills in the west,  
 But they, so soon as night had clos'd the eyes  
 Of the inhabitants, spoil'd them  
 And set their houses on fire.

Outlaw. But the Castle friend; did he take it?

1st Rebel. No he could not, tho' he besieг'd it  
 With a thousand men—the most daring  
 In the Isle of Sky. \* \* \* \*

Outlaw. And so they hang'd him for his pains?

1st Rebel. Not hang'd; they beheaded him 'tis  
 Like a gentleman; and Duncan Balloch [true,  
 Begg'd the General to shoot him like a soldier,  
 Which was done. I wish him much joy of it.

Outlaw. But how happen'd it that the King's  
troops  
Were so much better men than the kilt men  
This time? it did not use to be so. \* \*

1st Rebel. My comrade will tell you; I'm very  
faint. [Sits down on a stone.]

2d Rebel. It was owing to a queer engine they  
A harquebuss,—a fire instrument [call  
Which explodes just like cloud lightning,  
And sounds like thunder; neither our archers  
Nor spearmen could stand against them, and as  
For the claymore, Duncan Balloch himself,  
With a thousand men, could do nothing with them.  
My friend there was shot in the breast by one  
Of them; it is that makes him so faint.

Outlaw. And our brave Highlanders some time  
Of them will have the better I divine.  
And now my friends, our Highland landlady  
Just bids me tell you that dinner's ready,  
We'll eat, we'll drink, we'll laugh, we'll dance,  
we'll sing,  
And we'll do better in the wars next spring.

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**SCENE II.**—*Ambassadors Audience Room, long  
Gallery in Holyrood Palace. The KING, Lord  
CHANCELLOR, Lord TREASURER, and several  
LORDS and GENTLEMEN of the Council. Lord  
SCROOP and Lord MELBOURNE, English Am-  
bassadors; Sir JOHN STUART of Darnley,  
French Ambassador. SUIT, PAGES, GENTLE-  
MEN, &c.*

Lord Chan. [Bowing lowly.] I come, my most  
illustrious master,  
To inform your Majesty that Ambassadors  
Have arrived from England, with the same views  
The French Ambassadors had who were here  
Some time ago.

K. James. I will hear Lord Scroop himself;  
 speak on my Lord,  
 Whate'er you have to say from your great master.  
 Lord Scroop. Most noble and illustrious King,  
 I am directed hither by my master  
 And his council, about a business which  
 Concerneth the honor and profit  
 Of the two kingdoms, above any other  
 Which can be projected:—It is the  
 Establishing a perpetual peace  
 And concord betwixt them, and happy  
 Will it be if it so please a higher  
 Providence, that they unite in one body  
 Under one Prince some future day. Sire,  
 In your person, by the happy marriage  
 Of the daughter of John Duke of Somerset,  
 Brother to Henry the IV. and son to  
 The Duke of Lancaster, peace and prosperity  
 Hath continu'd these some years past—now that it  
 May be lasting, and th' affections and minds  
 Of th' two nations more closely join'd together,—  
 We do request that this alliance may  
 Be again renew'd by the marriage  
 Of Princess Margaret with our young King,—  
 A most fitting and an equal match.  
 And in seeking her we crave but our own,  
 She is descended from our royal stem;  
 And if again she is engrafted in  
 That stock from which she does derive her birth,  
 It is but natural. And you my Lords,  
 Where can you find a match more honourable  
 For both nations? Where can you find a better  
 And more profitable friendship than ours?  
 Are we not a people inhabiting  
 One Island? Have we not  
 Both one language, and of one habit  
 And fashion—of the same quality  
 And condition of life—guarded  
 And separated from the other parts

Of the world by the great depths of th' ocean ?  
 What evil customs have come to your country  
 By your last alliance with us ? Nay what  
 Civility, policy, and laudable  
 Fashions—(to the confusion of barbarity)—  
 Have not follow'd hereupon ? By this  
 The glory of both realms will increase,  
 Either being sufficient not only  
 To furnish necessaries, but even  
 All lawful and moderate contentments  
 Of life to support others. Besides that,  
 An assurance of defence, strength and power  
 To invade, ease in undergoing  
 Public charges will hereby follow.

Lord Melb. We are not ignorant that the  
 Princess is design'd for France ; how long, alas !  
 Will you continue prodigal of your blood  
 For the French ? What have you advantag'd  
 Yourselves by your alliances with France,  
 Save that they engage your bodies in their wars,  
 And by conferring on you unprofitable  
 Titles of honour, take from you that  
 Which is truly valuable.  
 Ye are reserv'd as a postern gate  
 By which they may enter England—diverting  
 Our forces, and transporting the stage  
 Of the war upon our borders. Learn  
 To forget your French, or if you  
 Be so enamour'd of France, love her  
 After our manner—come and take a share  
 In our victories—are not our forces  
 Being join'd sufficient to overcome,  
 Nay bring hither in chains that King  
 Of Bruges, and make ourselves masters of  
 His Continent ? France never did so much  
 Good to Scotland in twenty years, as Scotland  
 Hath had loss by England for the love  
 Of France in one. Are not your wounds at Vernuel  
 And Cravant yet bleeding, and all for the French ?

It hath been your valour, and not the French's,  
 Which heretofore impeach'd our conquest  
 And progress into France : were it not for  
 Your swords, we had made e'er now the loftiest  
 Of the Alps, or Pyrenees, bear our trophies.  
 You say you reverence, and cannot break  
 Your old league and confederation with  
 That kingdom—(happy leagues, but be to  
 The keepers of them)—unhappy Scotland,  
 Too honest, therefore the more unhappy,  
 For that thy honesty is the great cause  
 Of thy mishaps. How long shall that old league  
 (Counted like the fables of the ancient Falladines,) Make you waste your lives, your goods, your for-  
 And lose your better friends? The genius [tunes,  
 Of this Isle seemeth to cry unto us,  
 Her nurslings, still to stay our cruel hands,  
 No longer to be her desolation  
 And the dire wreck of one another.  
 Not to pass over and neglect those fair  
 Occasions of mutual alliances,  
 Which will now not only effectuate  
 Long truces and leagues amongst ourselves, but  
 At last bring peace and union—for by  
 The interchange of marriages (being  
 United) this Island shall continue  
 Stronger by entertaining peace and amity,  
 Than by all these giant walls and ramparts  
 Of mountains, and that huge ditch of seas by  
 Which sage dame nature hath environed  
 And fortified her. Now that ye may know  
 How dearly we still esteem your friendship  
 And alliance, while others go to take  
 From you, we will give you Roxburgh, Berwick,  
 And all the lands between Tweed and Redcross.\*  
 If shadows do prevail and prove stronger  
 With you than essential reason—and that

\* Near Richmond, in Yorkshire.

You disesteem our offer, loosing this  
 Good occasion—we as neighbours and friends  
 Entreat you, that you don't uphold th' French,  
 Now in the sun-set of their fortunes and  
 At their weakest—that you would not shoulder  
 This falling wall, but that you would live quiet  
 Within yourselves, keeping your own in a  
 Neutralitie—receiving both sides, French  
 And English, in the way of friendship,  
 And neither side in the way of faction. \* \*

K. James. And you Lord Melbourne, you have  
 But it ever has been a rule with me [spoken wisely,  
*Aude alteram partem*, to hear both  
 Sides of the question. Now Sir John Stuart  
 Of Darnley, I wait to hear what you have  
 To urge in favour of the King of France.

Darnley. It seemeth strange to me that it should  
 Be question'd, and fall within the circle  
 Of deliberation, whether old,  
 Ever true, and more assured friends—  
 Or old, and never trusted—and only  
 Enemies—should in an honourable suit  
 Be preferred; whether you should stand  
 To a nation which in your greatest  
 Calamities never abandon'd you,  
 Or embrace and be carried away with  
 One which ever sought your overthrow.  
 The English sue for your alliance  
 And friendship; but it is to make you leave  
 Your old confederates, and turn th' instruments  
 Of their ruin, and bring the yoke at last  
 And bondage on yourselves. The French now sue  
 For your present friendship and alliance,  
 Both to support themselves and hold servitude  
 From you. Were it not for your friendship  
 With France, their pow'r, policy, and number,  
 Had long 'fore this overturn'd your realm;  
 Or had France only shewn herself indiff'rent  
 As an arbitress of the blows between

The Scots and English, you had scarce till now  
 Retain'd your name—and less your liberties.  
 Can you prove so ungrateful as not to supply  
 Them who supported you? Can you now prove  
 So inconstant, after so many  
 Glorious wounds received in the cause  
 Of France, as cowardly to turn your backs  
 Upon her in her greatest need—defacing  
 All the traces of your former fame  
 And glory? With what countenances  
 Could you look on those Scots who at Vernuel  
 And Cravant, in the beds of honor left  
 Their lives—if unreveng'd you should adhere  
 And join yourselves unto their enemies  
 And slayers?—Now, tho' you would forsake th'  
 Intangl'd at this time in difficulties, [French,  
 Not regarding their well-being, nor be  
 Solicitous of their standing—at least  
 Be careful of your own. \* \* \* \* \*  
 It cannot subsist with your well-being  
 And safety, to suffer a nation  
 Bordering on you, always at enmity,  
 To arise to that height and power  
 By such an access as th' kingdom of France.  
 So soon as a state hath a neighbour strong  
 Enough, and able to subdue it,  
 It is to be esteem'd no longer  
 A free state. The English are already  
 Become so potent, that nothing less than  
 United forces of neighbour kingdoms  
 Will serve to stop th' current of their fortune.  
 Despise not the constant love of the French  
 People, your often tried and ancient  
 Friends, for the uncertain friendship, and within  
 A short time forgotten alliances  
 Of the English, your late reconcil'd  
 Enemies. But it may be, after  
 Mutual marriages have one day join'd  
 Your two kingdoms in one, will they seek

No pre-eminence over your state,  
 Nor make thrall of your kingdom, but be knit  
 Up with you in a perfect union? [commix  
 Don't small brooks lose their names when they  
 Their streams with mighty rivers,—and are not  
 Rivers ingulf'd when they mingle  
 Their waters with the sea? You enjoy now  
 My Lords, [addressing the *Lords present*] a kind  
 Of mix'd government—not indeed  
 An absolute sovereignty—your King  
 Proceedeth with you more by prayers  
 Than by precepts and commands, and is rather  
 Your head than Sovereign—as ruling  
 A nation not conquer'd; but when you shall  
 Be join'd in a body with that kingdom,  
 Which is absolutely royal, and purely  
 Monarchical, having long suffered  
 The laws of a conqueror, you shall find  
 A change and a terrible transformation.  
 The free managing of your own affairs  
 Shall be taken from you—laws, magistracies,  
 Honors, shall depend on them—and the wealth  
 Of your kingdom shall be transferr'd to theirs.;  
 Which to obey and prostrate yourselves  
 Unto, if ye be found stubborn, you shall  
 Suffer as a nation conquer'd, and  
 Be reduc'd into a province, have vice-  
 Governors and deputies set o'er you,  
 Garrisons in your strongest holds, castles,  
 And bastile houses, and by a calm o' peace  
 And union receive more fearful blows than  
 You could have suffer'd by any tempest  
 Of war. The miseries of a most  
 Lamentable servitude, what courtesy  
 Can ye expect at their hands, who, contrary  
 To all divine and human laws, detain'd  
 Your King eighteen years prisoner, and exacted  
 An exorbitant ransom, (as if he  
 Had been taken in a lawful war) did

Not without hostages send him home ? We  
 Of France never forsook you in your  
 Extremities, and we expect you will  
 Assist us with all your power. They're in suit  
 Of your daughter, but it is long after  
 She was assur'd to us. In claiming her,  
 We claim but our own—this time past you have  
 Only had the custody and education  
 Of her ; yet if they be so ambitious  
 Of your alliance, God hath blessed you  
 With more than this: but it is not that which  
 They sue for,—it is to make you disclaim  
 Your friends,—hate us who love you, and love them  
 Who hate you—and they are working on you  
 As a rude unpolish'd people—they offer  
 To give you Berwick and Roxburgh. These gifts  
 Of enemies ought to be fear'd ; they know  
 It is in their power to re-obtain them  
 When it pleaseth them. As for that point in  
 Which they would have you be indifferent  
 Spectators of the blows, and that it shall  
 Be profitable for you not to meddle  
 With this war, you are too near engaged ;  
 Neither is there any thing can be more  
 Damagable for you, for if you be  
 Not of the party, you may then assure  
 Yourselves that your country shall still remain  
 A reward to the conqueror, with consent  
 And applause of the vanquish'd, who is not  
 Bound to succour those who refuse to assist  
 And help him in his necessities. Prove  
 Firm and constant to your first confed'rates ;  
 Combine your forces now with ours—and by  
 Th' assistance of that supreme providence  
 Who pitieh at last the oppressed,  
 We have fair certainties, and true hopes, to  
 Cut out such work abroad for the English,  
 That they'll do little or no harm to you at home.

K. James. I have heard you all my Lords, and I  
 Think to me it is more profitable  
 To follow the English (weighing their offers)  
 Yet I hold it more advantageous  
 And sure for coming times to follow  
 The French.

Lord Chan. And so do I your Majesty;—for if  
 The English should make conquest of France,  
 The conquest of Scotland would scarce be  
 One month's work unto their power. \* \* \*

Lord Treas. \* \* \* \* \* And for  
 The matter of alliance, the great God  
 Knows how little Princes now regard it,  
 When occasion is offered to enlarge  
 Their power and their dominion. [thereupon

Lord Chan. We would advise you Highness,  
 Not to break the ancient league and peace  
 You have kept up with France. \* \*

K. James. It is my firm intention so to do.

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SCENE III.—Enter JESTER from behind King  
 FERGUS' Picture.

Jester. Great Sovereign Lord and master dear,  
 O pray my counsel now to hear,  
 Th' advice they give is very bad,  
 And will soon lead to things most sad.  
 Sir, you married the daughter fair  
 Of Duke of Somerset most rare,  
 If you now give your child to France,  
 Who keep an eye of vigilance  
 Upon your actions here at home,  
 You soon, great Sir, will be undone.  
 A house divided ne'er can stand  
 On Scottish, English, or French land ;  
 This island is but one great house,  
 If it's divided, th' French will chouse  
 Both parties Sir upon the nail,  
 Your treaty will have no avail.

It is a maxim Sir of old,  
 " Divide and govern," we are told,  
 'Twill soon o'erthrow this pretty isle,  
 The Frenchman's speech is full of guile.  
 The English can now much harm do  
 Unto your country, as all know ;  
 How can the Frenchman hurt you now,  
 Their hands are full enough I vow.  
 The peace with England may last long,  
 They're your relations—a diphthong ;  
 And the affections of the mind  
 By your marriage is entwin'd  
 With England, like a diphthong sure,  
 Why should you break it to insure  
 The French King on his fickle throne ?  
 If you do't, Sir you'll be undone.  
 Against you there's in the state  
 A strong party of Scotsmen great,  
 But now they're held in great controul  
 By th' English party, aye heart-whole.  
 They fear those English, they are brave,  
 If they leave you 'twill be your grave ;  
 The Scotsmen now do treat you well,  
 Because the English are a spell  
 Upon their actions. Don't you know  
 The Scots detest you ?—you disallow  
 Their keeping lands filch'd from the crown,  
 They soon would turn you upside down,  
 And take away your life from you,  
 Had they the English not in view.  
 Join with the French,—those English blades,  
 As brave as either Danes or Swedes,  
 Will go away to England South,  
 And leave you in those hands uncouth  
 Of Scotsmen Sir, who hate you much,  
 And then they'll get you in their clutch ;  
 And when you in their hands they have,  
 You'll soon meet an untimely grave.

[JESTER retires behind King FERGUS' Picture.]

K. James. Mr Merryman is facetious, but  
 We'll still adhere unto our treaty with  
 France\* :—The Dauphin shall have our daughter.  
 French Amb. A thousand thanks, most gracious  
 Sovereign!

Lord Scroop. Your Majesty does not recollect  
 we have

The power of the seas in our hands, and  
 Our Lord Admiral shall put to sea  
 (Lord Edmond Vaux) and stop the passage  
 Of the young Princess unto the French court,  
 As you yourself were stopt in days of yore.

Lord Melb. I, in the name of Henry the VI.  
 Of England, denounce war on Scotland.  
 I have it now in charge to give orders  
 To Harry Hotspur forthwith to enter  
 Scotland with all his host, north of Humber—  
 And now your Majesty we take our leave.

K. James. Farewell my Lords, until that day  
 shall come

When we shall meet to try in arms whose heart  
 Is strongest ;—but I think it right to tell you,  
 My daughter sail'd by the western coast for France.

Both English Amb. Your Majesty till then  
 farewell.

[*Exit, bowing profoundly. Exeunt omnes.*

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SCENE IV.—Lord TREASURER and a CAPTAIN  
 of the Royal Navy.

Capt. I was ordered, when I arrived in Scotland,  
 Not to lose an hour in handing you this,  
 My much esteem'd and noble Lord.

Lord Treas. What may it contain ?—are you  
 As I observe it is address'd unto [inform'd ?  
 The King himself.—

Capt. It is from Sir Andrew Hammond, our ad-  
 miral ;

And as I was with him all the voyage,  
 On board the ship the Princess Margaret was,  
 I can give you full particulars my Lord,  
 Of all that happen'd.

Lord Treas. Then do so Captain, in as few words  
 As you can, as I have no time to lose.

Capt. Your Lordship knows our good King was so  
 Far from being mov'd by the threats of the  
 English Ambassadors Lords Scroop and Melbourne,  
 That he lost no time in fitting out thereon  
 A splendid fleet of ships—and, knowing that  
 By taking time by the fore-lock does give  
 Most times more certain chance of fortune  
 And success—than force and power—setteth  
 His daughter off to sea with an able  
 Company of marines, tars, and soldiers.

Lord Treas. And saw you nothing of the English fleet?

Capt. The English fleet had waited upon her,  
 But providence had so appointed it  
 That she escap'd them; and they encounter'd  
 A fleet of Spaniards, well equipp'd in guns,  
 Keeping their course towards the Netherlands  
 —Them they beset with four score ships of war,  
 Commanding the ladies and the whole of  
 Their company to be giv'n up to them,  
 —When they would not accept of those  
 Friendly offers, they fell to hardy blows,  
 Till in the' end, by loss of men and some ships,  
 They understood their error. The Lady  
 Margaret by the western seas thus without  
 Danger arrived at Rochelle, having  
 For her convoy a whole colony of  
*Scots gentlewomen*,—some say seven score—  
 With her, all of most noble parentage;  
 Of which train were her five sisters.—From Rochelle  
 To Fours she held her way, and there, with an  
 Extraordinary pomp and grandeur,  
 The twenty-fourth of June, in anno

Fourteen hundred and thirty-six, she was  
 Married to the Dauphin, Louis son of France\*.  
 Your Lordship knows her only dowry was  
 A supply of men-at-arms for their defence  
 Against the *rantipole* English.

Lord Treas. To raise the which, the King laid a  
 Upon his subjects; the one half of which [subsidy  
 Being call'd for, and the people grudging  
 The exaction of the other half, it  
 Being taken from hard-working people  
 In barren soil, King James render'd back  
 A part of it again, and discharg'd  
 The remainder.—

Capt. That was kindly of his gracious Majesty.  
 Sir Andrew Hammod sent me back in the  
 Caledonia cutter to announce  
 All this to you my Lord, and deliver  
 This seal'd dispatch for his sacred Majesty,  
 And if your Lordship has any orders  
 For the Admiral, I am to await them  
 At the citadel of Leith.

Lord Treas. You shall hear from me. Good  
 morrow, Captain.

Capt. I am your Lordship's most obedient.

[*Exit* Lord TREASURER.]

I think his Lordship might have offer'd me  
 A glass of sack and some Scots short-bread;  
 In France they manage this affair in better  
 Style; but never mind, my duty's done.

Hey for a bride with beauty and gear,  
 And a ship of th' line on this day year.

[*Old Song.—Exit.*

\* Afterwards Louis XI.

**SCENE V.—Fernington, Roxburghshire. Lord Douglas, Lord Lewis, and a King's Messenger.**

K. Mess. My Lord, I have his Majesty's orders  
 To find you out without delay, and tell  
 You that the Castle has receiv'd announcement  
 By the fire tow'rs of Smailholm, Bemerside,  
 And Lammermoor-law, that Henry Percy  
 Of Northumberland invadeth the country,  
 And messengers have arriv'd saying 'tis  
 With four thousand men,—whether of his own  
 Bravery,—abhorring ease and idleness,  
 Or that he commission hath so to do  
 Is uncertain; with him come Sir Henry  
 Clidesdale, Sirs John Ogle, Richard Percy,  
 And many men of choice and sterling worth,  
 Invading all the border garrisons.—  
 To resist these incursions you, Lord Douglas,  
 By me are charg'd, in our Sovereign's name,  
 As you resemble your ancestors  
 In all virtues either of war or peace,  
 And one of the most eminent of your time;  
 And here I give you your seal'd instructions  
 To head the Scottish army. [Gives a paper.] Your

regiment, [To Lord Lewis.]  
 Lord Lewis, is on the march, and I have  
 Orders to say you are expected with it  
 To-morrow at Lauder, where it camps  
 On Carolside-hill, near Hersildon.

Lord Doug. I shall obey those orders with th' ard  
 Of a Scottish chief; but can you tell me [dour  
 What officers are associated  
 With me in this command?

K. Mess. As your Lordship is thought th' most  
 Of your time, I hear Sir Adam Hepburn [eminent  
 Of Hailes, Alexander Elphinston of  
 That ilk in Lothian, and Sir Alexis  
 Ramsay of Dalhousie; the troops at present

Are 4000 strong. Those covetous of glory,  
 Besides the ancient quarrel of the two nations,  
 Having the particular emulations  
 Of the names and valour of their ancestors  
 To be spurs unto them, are making speedy  
 Journeys to give a proof of their virtue  
 And courage ; and now my Lords, having  
 Executed my instructions, I shall  
 Be ready to return as pleaseth your Lordships.

Lord Doug. In three hours ; when you have  
 din'd I shall have  
 Your dispatches ready. [Exeunt.]

**SCENE VI.—Fernihurst Castle ; a Gothic Room.**  
 LILLA *rocking a cradle, and JESTER in a court dress.*

AIR.

*Jester.* Lovely Lilla I love you ;  
 'O what else now should I do,  
 You have been my wife two years,  
 And to me have born two dears.

*Lilla.* Kindly Robin I love you,  
 Unto you love this is not new,  
 At same table we did dine,  
 Eat our fruit and drank our wine.

*Enter a Nurse Maid with a Child.*

Look here Robin, here's your boy,  
 Smiles so like you, is so coy ;  
 [Takes another Child out of the cradle.]  
 See, here's th' Prince my Robin dear,  
 Trusted to me to up-rear.

*Jester.* Foster brother of my boy,  
 Our King's (bless him,) greatest joy ;  
 As I've been his father's jester, arms.]  
 [JESTER between LILLA and Nurse, with each a Child in their  
 Of the robes I will be master.

When he comes unto the Crown,  
 No more then I'll play the clown,  
 We'll have servants in gold lace,  
 Live no longer by grimace.

*Enter Lady FERNHURST and Lady JANE, now Lady DOUGLAS.*

*Lilla.* Of this handsome fine chateau,  
Here's the Lady, as you know,  
With her daughter Lady Jane,  
From Edgerston upon the plain.

**Lady Fern.** Now Lilla, you must take the children out ;  
The King was sadly vex'd about the death  
Of Prince Alexander ; therefore we must  
Take special care of young Prince James.

[*Exit LILLA and UNDER NURSE with the Children.*]

**Lady Doug.** I've just receiv'd, my dearest mo-  
A note from Lord Douglas, in which he says [ther,  
The English army are now advancing  
Unto the borders. The King has order'd  
Him to take the rule of our Scottish forces,  
And that he and Lord Lewis set out  
Forthwith to join the troops. The leading force  
Is on the Beaumont Water, at Kirk-Yetholm ;  
Some are at Morebattle, some at Sprouston,  
But all will soon concentrate between Harelaw  
And Preston,—and that he will send again  
As soon as any thing takes place worthy  
Of pen, ink, and paper. \* \* \*

**Lady Fern.** He would say of broad-sword, djk, I tremble for the result of this day ; [or javelin,  
Why did not our noble King take  
His Queen's advice, that a house divided  
Can never stand ? \* \* \* \* \* [Henry

**Lady Doug.** 'Tis true my noble mother, but  
The VI. is so weak a Prince, our King's daughter  
Did not choose to wed a King so weak a man.  
Whereas the Dauphin, now King Louis the XI.  
Is of a heart so great and courage vast,  
The scale preponderated so much to him,  
That James preferr'd him for a son-in-law.  
Lord Douglas counsels, that all in this house

Be made as strong as pioneers can do,  
In case his army should be beaten.

Lady Fern. We'll go and see the seneshal does  
All things in order for a siege, in case [put  
We should be oblig'd to defend the house.

[Exit Lady FERNIHIRST and Lady DOUGLAS.

Jester. If our good King had taken my advice,  
There would have been no use for this device.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*Hill near Harelaw.*

Enter Lord DOUGLAS, Lord LEWIS, Sir ALEXIS RAMSAY, *Quartermaster-General, (and Staff,) and General POLWARTH, Adjutant-General.*

Lord Doug. How red the sun appears in morning garb  
O'er Cheviot Hills, adown to Wooler side !  
On this day's work he has an evil eye,  
And looks ascance upon our plain to-day. [seen,

Lord Lewis. The morning's not so fine as I have  
When I've been hunting on gay Chevy Chase.

Sir Alexis. My Lord, the troops are forming  
according  
To th'instructions your Lordship sent unto the corps.

[*Trumpets and kettle drums in the distance.*]  
The Rothsay greys form upon the Carnish,—  
The Ru'glen *swart* horse come now into line  
At Otterburn. [They look thro' their telescopes.]  
The border bowmen draw up near Shotten,  
And the Stuart spearmen, from the Isle o' Bute,  
Are forming well near Knowsouth\*. The Kelso  
Men with battle axes take up their ground  
In marshal style upon the Heather-burn.  
The Selkirk men in truth make fine array  
Near Thornington with battle maces.

\* In Northumberland.

Lord Doug. Yes Sir Alexis, and I see your youths,  
 The young Dalhousie dart men, with their arrows  
 And their sable eagle-wings extended  
 In martial show at Manylaws; besides  
 The Black-Watch Scots do now debouch near  
 Paston bridge. Hear! hear their harquebusses!

[*Sound of fire-arms.*]

And thus begins this work of honour!

General Polwarth, Chief d'etat Major. There  
 comes the men from North Berwick Law,  
 With their field pieces lumber'd up.  
 They now unlumber.—[*Sound of bugles, and  
 afterwards of field-pieces.*]

Sir A. Ramsay. The Warkworth slingers and  
 the cuirassiers,  
 They cannot stand a shot,—their bright armour  
 Flies like glass before a stone, or like  
 A lobster smash'd against a rock.  
 Here comes the Broxmouth bowmen!

Enter GLEN BUCKET.

Glenb. My Lord, support is wanted on the right;  
 Sir Adam Hepburn sent me to let your  
 Lordship know troops should be sent to Otterburn.

Lord Doug. [*To the Quartermaster-General.*] Then letth' Coldstream spearmen advance forthwith  
 O'er Chevy-Chase upon the right, and give  
 Same order to the Crailing band to go  
 To Otterburn. I see [*looking thro' his glass*]

Lord Percy there  
 In person, with English horse guards. And let  
 The Jed and Ettrick foresters, with new  
 Buck guns advance unto the centre, where  
 Sir Alexander Elphingstone commands.  
 We must advance unto the centre,  
 [*Bugles and great guns, trumpets and drums.* As the battle waxeth hot, and these new  
 Arms are not so well understood as  
 Bows and arrows were in days of yore. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*The Field of Battle.*

**Enter Lord Douglas, Sir Adam Hepburn, Lord Lewis, Glenbucket, M'Vicar, Staff, &c.**  
*Different alarms are sounded—bugles, fire-arms, great guns, trumpets, alarm drums, excursions..*

**M'Vicar.** The English left wing now give way  
 (Sir Alexander Elphingston has sent [my Lord, Me to your Lordship,) and Percy is unhors'd, Fighting like a wolf depriv'd of young.

**Lord Doug.** Then we'll go there ; M'Vicar, tell Sir Alexander I follow you forthwith.

[*Exit M'Vicar, followed by Lord Douglas, Lord Lewis, Glenbucket, &c.*]

**Sir Adam.** Colonel we see the spot ; pray take your glass.

My sight's not quite so good as it has been.

**Col. on the Staff.** I see Lord Percy, as M'Vicar said,

Fighting like a wolf depriv'd of her whelps ;  
 Soon we shall see Lord Douglas there, and then The battle's rage with fire and sword

Will be tremendous. [*Bugles and drums.*  
 But here come some Sherwood foresters—

We must join the troops.

[*Exit Sir Adam and Colonel on the Staff.*

[*Skirmish with Sherwood Foresters and Jed and Ettrick Foresters ; the first in light green faced with red, and the other dark green faced with black.*]

**Col. of Jed For.** Disarm those men, and send Them prisoners unto the rear.

[*They fight with swords, take several of the swords of the Sherwood Foresters, and send the men prisoners to the rear.*]

**Lieut. of Ettrick For.** Give up that sword, you Sherwood buckhound !

I'd take it from old Robin Hood himself  
 Were he but here. \* \* \* \*

Lieut. of Sherwood For. (a very tall fellow.)  
Were I not wounded thus, you raw bon'd Scot,  
You should not send old *little* John unto the rear.

[*They send off the prisoners bound unto the rear;*  
*the SHERWOOD MEN retreat.*]

Cornet of Jed For. with Standard. The Sher-  
wood men are fled—one half are ta'en ;  
But look my friends, there is a gun upon  
That hill which plays on us..

[*A great gun heard. The Standard is shot from*  
*the CORNET's hand, who picks it up again.*]

Cornet. The battery plays on us true enough.

Col. of Jed For. \* \* \* \* O yes it does ;  
We must now retire from this spot, and form  
In that wood behind the centre.

[*A second gun; some men are wounded and*  
*thrown down, some killed.*]

Colonel. Sound bugler to form upon the centre.

[*Bugle sounds; all exit.*

[*An ancient looking field piece brought on by*  
*men with drag-ropes,—moves forward.*]

Artillery Officer. Take good aim my lads ;  
Ready—fire—[*piece discharg'd*] advance !—

[*Drag-ropes are again affixed, and dragged off by*  
*men to the opposite side of the Stage by*  
*which it came on.*]

There go the Paisley pye-balls !

Enter Lord DOUGLAS, Lord Lewis, Sir ADAM  
HEPBURN, STAFF, &c.

Lord Doug. The battle rages ; I have tried to find  
Lord Percy, but it has not been my fortune  
To set eyes on him this day.

Enter PERCY.

Lord Percy. Here, see him Douglas ! I have  
long'd to meet  
The brave Lord Douglas on the field of fight,  
And I am bless'd more than I thought I should  
This fine spring day ; your arm or mine shall

Settle ancient scores—have at you Lord of  
Douglas, proud, tho' brave Scot. \* \* \* \*

Lord Doug. \* \* \* Northumbria's mastiff  
Fear I not! no, not on Chevy-Chase.  
I've not ask'd leave to hunt *the deer* Lord Percy,  
On the Duke your father's hunting ground;  
Your sword or mine Lord Percy, shall ne'er  
Be plac'd in scabbard till the proud Scot  
Or th' eagle of the north shall bite the dust.  
Come on, I say Lord Percy—your lion's heart  
Shall have it's fill of war this day.

[*The border call sounded. They fight—both  
wounded in the arm—halt, tie up their  
wounds. They fight again—they halt.*]

Lord Doug. Is this English wooing, my Lord  
Percy?

The wit I find in young King Henry's letters  
Is sharper than I thought for. \* \* \*

Lord Per. \* \* \* \* \* And you will  
Find my Lord, that slighted love has barbed  
Darts as well as Cupid, who when he chooses  
Can kill the swain who scorns his friendship.

Lord Doug. Once more my Lord,—let us now  
See whose sword is best. Come on!

Lord Per. "Now *Esperance, Percy* and set on\*."  
[*They fight again; PERCY is killed.*]

### Enter GLENBUCKET.

Glenb. The English fly! Sir Henry Clidesdale  
Is kill'd, and so is Sir John Ogle, besides  
Sir Richard Percy with forty knights. [hundred  
M'Vicar. Three hundred gentlemen and twelve  
Common soldiers have bit the dust this day.

Lord Doug. And of our side pray who are  
fallen—say,  
As I am faint, and wish to know ere I  
Retire to my pavilion. \* \* \*

\* *Parole at Chevy-Chase.*

General Polwarth, Adj. Gen. Sir Alexander  
Elphingston my Lord

Is kill'd, maintaining the battle with  
His sword and voice, even when wounded ; besides  
Two knights of the shire, and two hundred  
Gentlemen and common soldiers slain.  
They (the English) do retire by Wooler, through  
The pass to Chillingham and Eglingham.

Lord Doug. What prisoners are made ?

Adj. Gen. 400 English, mostly Sherwood foresters,  
And two of monstrous size, both foresters ;  
One from Nottingham, *Little John* by name,  
Lieutenant to the Earl of Huntingdon ;  
The other *Jack-a-Green*, a Wakefield man,  
Tho' serving with the foresters. But my Lord,  
By what name shall this battle afterwards  
Be call'd, that my returns be duly headed ?

Lord Doug. Of Chevy-Chase\* or Otterburn, just  
As you please. Lord Lewis, I'm very faint,—  
Support me friends and call a leech, tho'  
God knows this English fight hath been  
Almost leech enough for me.

[*Exeunt, except GLENBUCKET and M'VICAR.*

Glenb. I fear Lord Douglas is badly wounded,  
He bleeds much about the chest.

M'Vicar. He does so Glenbucket, and there's no  
With him as yet ; there should live a doctor [leech  
Near this place, I saw his *signum* as I  
Past forward—let us try and find him—it  
Was near some leburnum treest.

Glenb. It is back a mile ; I know the place well,  
Let us ride there and take him to our general.

*Enter the ADJUTANT GENERAL.*

General Polwarth. You can go alone Glen-  
bucket, I have

Orders for M'Vicar. You must find out  
Sir Alexis Ramsay of Dalhousie,

\* Anno 1436.

† Leburuum Lodge.

And order him to take all the cavalry  
 And follow the fugitives even unto  
 Alnwick tow'rs: then to return to Scotland  
 By Yetholm and Jedward, as the English  
 Are in possession of Norham, Wark, & Roxburgh.  
 "Now to breakfast with what appetite you may."

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Lord Lewis and M'VICAR.*

M'VICAR. Has your Lordship heard how brave  
 Lord Douglas  
 Is? I hear he's badly wounded, and there  
 Is some danger of his life.

Lord Lewis. There is M'VICAR; but we've  
 hopes that he  
 Will soon be well again. His Lordship is  
 Now at Fernington, and when I hear  
 You shall *instanter* know how he goes on.  
 Pray have you heard the strange reports afloat  
 Of th' Earl of Athol? I can't believe them.

M'VICAR. But I do my Lord; for I've heard much  
 Of this affair from my father long time  
 Dead. Th' old laird told me that the Earl of Athol,  
 Who you do know is uncle to the King,  
 Animated by a false oracle  
 Of a soothsayer of his Highland country,  
 Who had assur'd him he should be crown'd  
 In solemn assembly before his death,  
 Ne'er gave up the hope thus rais'd of one day  
 Sitting on the royal throne. And being  
 Inferior and weak in pow'r and faction  
 To his other brothers,—then to compass  
 His designs he betaketh himself  
 To treacherous devices. It was not  
 In his pow'r to ruin so many at once,  
 For *mischief* requir'd there should be *distance*.

Between so many bloody acts ; therefore  
 He laid his plans to take away his kindred  
 One by one at leisure—he soweth  
 Jealousies—entertaineth discords—  
 Maintaineth factions amongst them. By his counsel  
 David Duke of Rothsay, the present King's  
 Eldest brother, was famish'd in the tow'r  
 Of Falkland ; neither had James (then a child)  
 Escap'd his treachery, if not far off  
 In England had been his preservation.  
 He persuaded the Earl of Fife that, taking  
 Out of the way the King's brother, he should  
 Put the Crown on his own head. He traffick'd  
 The return o' King James, and he being come,  
 He plotted th' overthrow of Duke Murdoch  
 Albany by fit instrument for such  
 A business, proving the crimes laid against  
 Him in the attaingder. He himself sat  
 Judge against him and his children. [Macbeth]

Lord Lewis. This was horrible ; worse than  
 Himself, when he slew Duncan King of Scots.

M'Vicar. Thus stirring one kinsman against another,  
 He so enfeebled the race of Elizabeth  
 Moor, that of a num'rous offspring there now  
 Only remains our lov'd King and his son  
 James, (a child who is not yet six years  
 Of age) upon whose sepulchres building  
 His designs, with a small alteration  
 He thinks it easy to step into the Crown.

Lord Lewis. Why have you not told all this  
 Unto the Chancellor ?

M'Vicar. I have my Lord, but he won't believe it,  
 Neither will King James ; but I will now  
 See what I can do with our noble Queen.

Lord Lewis. I'll do the same, and I'll drum it in  
 To my mother's ears ; Lady Fernihirst  
 Has much weight with their Majesties.

M'Vicar. But I fear much your counsel will come  
 Too late for any good, as nothing will wake

Them from their foolish lethargy; besides my Lord  
 I've more to say,—Robert Graham, I was told  
 By my father had been long imprison'd,  
 He being thus once offended is  
 Implacable and cruel; whom neither  
 Business,—or rather office could oblige,—  
 Nor dangers make wise,—an enemy to  
 Peace,—factious and ambitious alike,—  
 Is by many wicked plots and crimes  
 Against the just laws of the country driven  
 To an outlawry, and to live as banish'd.  
 He has ever a maltalent against  
 The King, since his Highnesses adjudgement  
 Of the Earldom of Strathern from his nephew  
*Miles Graham*, to whom he is tutor or guardian,

Lord Lewis. And are there any more M'Vicar,  
 Leagu'd with those abandon'd harpies of vice  
 And treason, in this detestable business?

M'Vicar. O yes my Lord, many—there is Robert  
*Stuart*, who is very familiar  
 With the King, and unfortunately has  
 Constant access to his chamber and person—  
 He too, vile wretch! advanceth the enterprise;  
 Being a riotous young man gaping  
 After great matters, neither respecting  
 Faith nor fame, and daring to attempt  
 Any thing for th' accomplishing of his  
 Own foolish hopes, and his grandfather's  
 (The Earl of Athol's) aims and ambition,—  
 These have associated unto them  
 The most audacious, whom either fear  
 Of punishment for their misdeeds, or hopes  
 Of forwarding their fortunes by a change  
 Of government, for the which they would plunge  
 Into any enterprise, however base;—  
 Even regicide itself.

Lord Lewis. \* \* \* ! Infamous! vile wretches,  
 Nothing is too bad for them; we must  
 Open the Queen's eyes to this, if not

The King's. I hope in God our counsel will  
Come in time to save the King.

M'Vicar. I much fear it ; but let us rather act  
Than talk of this.

Lord Lewis. *Alons mon ami.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Cavern of Outlaws. The Earl of Athol, Robert Graham, Robert Stuart, Christopher Cohown, and other conspirators.*

E. of Athol. 'Tis wonderfully cold my friends,  
I think,

For February—stir up that fire. [They stir the fire.

R. Graham. The snow's deep your Grace, and  
you are wet I fear.

Athol. Not so Robin, but let us lose no time,  
I must be forty miles from this ere sun  
Is down. Are you all assembled ? I have  
But few words to say at this time.

R. Stuart. [Aside.] I'm glad to hear it—his  
speeches are not

Of the shortest—once he kept us until  
Day-light with one of his short speeches.

R. Graham. Silence ! silence !

Athol. The engagements which ev'ry one of you  
Have to another, and which I have to  
Ev'ry one of you, founded on the strongest  
Grounds of consanguinity, friendship,  
Interest of committed and conceiv'd  
Wrongs,—move me freely here to reveal  
My secret drifts, and discover the depths  
Of my hidden purposes and counsels :—  
The strange tragedies which in the state  
And government have been enacted, since  
The coming of this Englishman to th' Crown,  
Are to none of you unknown. Duke Murdoch  
Of Albany with his children have been  
Beheaded ; the Earl of Lennox also,  
His father-in-law, has had that same end.

The nobility and gentry repine  
 At the government of this King ; the King  
 Is jealous of his nobles, and the  
 Commons are in way of rebellion :—  
 These great events have all been the effects  
 Of my far-mining policies, and  
 Hitherto they have fallen fully  
 As fortunately, as they indeed were  
 Ingeniously plotted ; for what more  
 Ingenious and cunning stratagem  
 Could be projected to pull down the rank  
 Growth of these usurpers, than to take them  
 By handles made of their own timber ?  
 And if there were any wrong in those strong  
 Proceedings, in such small matters wrong must  
 Be done, that justice and equity may  
 Be perform'd in great ones. My fear was,  
 (And yet is) that the taking down of the  
 Scaffold of Murdoch of Albany, should  
 Be the putting up of ours.

R. Graham. O, that is most true your Grace—  
*Cavendo tutus*—secure in being cautious.

Athol. Crowns suffer no co-rivals—the world  
 Knows, and he himself is conscious of it,  
 That the right and title to the Crown by  
 Descent of blood from Robert the Second,  
 My father, was in th' person of David  
 My brother, and is justly claim'd now  
 By me and our nephew. As for an Act  
 Of Parliament confirming the right  
 Of that other race, and for the oaths of  
 Allegiance, no parliamentary  
 Authority can take away justice  
 And the law of God ; neither is an oath  
 To be observed when as it tendeth  
 To the suppression of truth and right.

All. Certainly not your Highness.

Athol. And tho' for a time such acts and oaths  
 Have prevailed, our designs having good

Success we shall have a Parliament  
 Approving our right, abolishing  
 Their pretensions, and declaring them  
 Base usurpers : so this one man and child  
 Taken away (if we can give the blow),  
 Then the kingdom of Scotland must obey  
 The lawful successor, against whom pray  
 What subject will revolt ? or who then dare  
 Take arms ? and here is more fear than danger.  
 But think there were, the only remedy  
 Of imminent dangers is new dangers.  
 It was simplicity in him to think  
 By small benefits that old injuries  
 Are abolish'd and forgot, and that I  
 Should take patiently the title I have  
 Now, when I should have been King myself.  
 By his tyrannizing justice, if he  
 Be not hated he is not beloved,  
 But become terrible to his people,  
 Who now through their poverty and grievances  
 Affect a novation, and obey him  
 Not out of any affection, but through  
 Necessity and fear ; and now he  
 Also feareth that some do that to him  
 Which he hath so richly deserved.

All. That he certainly doth !  
 Athol. Let us resolve his doubts ! our ends  
 Are honour and revenge ! our wills against him  
 All alike and one !

All. That it is your Highness.  
 Athol. Then I expect you all will meet me  
 At Roxburgh, where the King takes his army  
 To attack the place ; and in the heat of  
 The assault we will find a time to do  
 His bus'ness, when all else are otherwise employ'd\*.

\* Most probably a spy gave the King notice of this, which might have been the cause of his acting as will be seen hereafter—or the Queen did so.

C. Cohown. We will your Highness. Therefore we suppose  
 We now may go to our homes until the  
 Army is in camp before Roxburgh Castle ?  
 Athol. You may ; and now Robert Graham you  
 may get  
 My horse, for I mean to be in Edinburgh  
 This precious night. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Refectory in Kelso Abbey.* King  
 JAMES and Lord DOUGLAS, (his arm in a  
 sling.) *Order of the Thistle.*

Lord Doug. Your Majesty, Roxburgh Castle  
 Hold out two days longer ; it is invested [cannot  
 On all sides, and provisions are running  
 Short ; it must surrender.

K. James. Where have you plac'd your principal  
 Battery of those new guns we know so  
 Little of ? \* \* \* \*

Lord Dong. Upon the eminence just opposite  
 The Castle. The Count les Fleurs pavilion  
 (I mean the French Ambassadors') is pitch'd  
 Just on that spot, by whose noble name  
 That battery is known. \* \* \*

K. James. What name call you it by Lord Douglas ?

Lord Doug. The people, by whom all names are  
 Fix'd, for shortness call it Fleurs Battery.

K. James. Then let it continue to bear that  
 Name, my Lord of Douglas.

Lord Doug. It shall your Majesty.

Enter a MESSANGER, and gives a dispatch to the  
 KING.

K. James. Ah ! what is this ? from whom ?

K. Mes. From the Queen your Majesty, who is ill,  
 But is coming here herself. She ordered  
 Me upon my allegiance not to be  
 More than five hours upon the road, and I  
 Have almost kill'd two horses on the way.

K. James. [Reading.] Lord Douglas do you hear this,—the Queen Does write there is a conspiracy in The camp, and that they are to commit Regicide, and take your Lordship off When making the assault.

Lord Doug. Some finesse your Majesty, imposed On the Queen by some of the English servants About her person, who wish ill unto This English war. Sir Ralph Gray, who commands In Roxburgh Castle, hath found the means To raise up this report to save his government.

K. James. Her Highness writes concerning the greatness Of the peril, and which, should it not Speedily be prevented, it surely will Endanger my person, (so she writes) Estate, and race. It will be necessary Lord Douglas to disband the army.

Lord Doug. [In great surprise.] Disband, your Majesty! where is a King's Person and race so safe as in the midst Of his gallant army, your Highness?

K. James. Yes my noble Lord, in the midst of An army he knows to be loyal; but I, My Lord, have been oblig'd to resume so Much of the royal property lavish'd Away by Duke Murdoch Albany and His sons, that the nobles are disaffected Towards me; besides I've been told that The Earl of Athol—but I wont believe it— The army must be disbanded. [command

Lord Doug. Your Majesty, if you will leave the Of the army to me, Roxburgh shall be Yours in two days at most. \* \* \* [know

K. James. It cannot be; and, Lord Douglas, I (As there seems to be some truth in this report), That your life also is to be sacrificed. [where

Lord Doug. Believe it not your Majesty; no

Can a general be so safe as in the  
Midst of his troops. Disband your army Sire,  
And neither your life or mine (should there be  
A conspiracy), is worth a silver penny.

SCENE IV.—*Interior of Kelso Abbey.*

*Enter M'VICAR.*

M' Vicar. The Queen your Highness is just ar-  
And she is so unwell she has sent me [rived,  
To offer *her duty* to your Highness,  
And to say she would have waited on  
Your Highness *instanter* on arriving,  
But her illness precludes her doing so.  
She fervently begs your Highness would  
Honour her with your company in the  
Abbot's parlour, as she has weighty  
Matters of state to communicate unto  
Your Highness. \* \* \* \* \* [banded.

K. James. Lord Douglas, the army must be dis-  
Lord Doug. Then your Majesty, your life is in  
A most perilous situation, as well  
As that of the Queen's and the young Duke  
Of Rothsay; as for my life, I can but  
Lose it once, but as long as I have the  
Command of the Rothsay Greys, it is  
Most safe in the midst of my troopers.

K. James. The army must be disbanded  
Forthwith, Lord Douglas. \* \* \*

Lord Doug. Your Majesty shall be obey'd; but  
I ask you to note it down that I, as  
A loyal subject, forwarn'd his King of  
The danger of such a measure. [Douglas;

K. James. It shall be done, my brave Lord  
No blame shall attach to you, but the army  
Must be disbanded. [Exit.

Lord Doug. [Bowing very low.] It shall be  
done your Majesty,  
O treason! treachery! thou stalk'st at large

This day. [To the messenger.] Is there any truth  
do you know

In this report of conspiracy, Mr —?

I don't know your name with a grey hound at  
Your button.

K. Mes. My badge of office my Lord; but there can  
Be no doubt that a conspiracy, vile  
And detestable, has large ramifications  
In the camp around the Castle this day.

Lord Doug. M'Vicar, send the Adjutant-General  
To me at my pavilion on Fleurs plain.

M'Vicar. It shall be done my Lord.

Lord Doug. Order also the commanding officer  
Of the Rothsay Greys to move his camp to Pinel  
Heugh before sun down this night.

The Chief of etat Major will give farther  
Orders to the troops; and M'Vicar I  
Expect you will sup with me at Fernington  
This night, as Lord Lewis tells me you know  
The whole of this conspiracy. Sir Ralph  
Gray will rejoice at this\*. [ship;

M'Vicar. I shall be proud to wait on your Lord-  
I shall now go to deliver my orders.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE V.—*The Outlaw's Cave. The Duke of  
ATHOL, ROBERT GRAHAM, MILES GRAHAM,  
ROBERT STUART, and other Conspirators.*

Athol. The Heavens, my friends, seem to con-  
spire with us;  
We have brought him to disband his army,  
And to render himself in the destin'd place,  
St John's Town (or Perth), I say the wish'd for place  
Of our attempts. The Domician convent  
Of black friars (a place not far from the  
Town wall), where he hath gone perplexed,  
Pensive, and sad, to meditate on our

\* Lord Douglas afterwards died of his wounds.

Plans, and to try to find us out ; but that  
 Is beyond his power, things are so well  
 Arrang'd : and let us now go gallantly  
 Forward, and follow our fortune, which favours  
 Great actions, rather than virtue that preacheth  
 Cowardly patience. Rememb'ring how fair  
 Glosses of valour for the most part  
 Have been cast on the foulest deeds, and the  
 Mightiest families have from them deriv'd  
 Their honours, shame seldom or never  
 Following victory, however it  
 Be achiev'd and purchas'd. That sovereignty  
 Was at the first but a violent  
 Usurpation of the stronger over  
 The weaker. Great enterprises must begin  
 With danger, and end with reward ; that death  
 Should rather be prevented than expected,  
 And that it is more honourable to die  
 Than prolong a life in misery,  
 Wand'ring in the storm of other men's pride.  
 Be resolute in *our plot*, put th' enterprise  
 In execution ; haste is the spirit  
 Of actions in danger : th' worst that can  
 Beset us is—*since we cannot subsist\**,  
 He being alive—that he be taken  
 Away, whilst we run a hazard of death,  
 Which happeneth to all men alike,  
 With only the difference of fame  
 Or oblivion of posterity—  
 Which ariseth of an evil action,  
 As well as of a good, if the action  
 And attempt be great, but let us not  
 Spend the time of execution  
 In deliberation.

R. Graham. Now let us to the black friars  
 Of Perth ; and you Robert Stuart,  
 Who belong to the King's household,

\* Alluding to the estates of the Crown being taken away.

Must go before and open unto us  
An easy access to the state apartments.

R. Stuart. That I will ; and this night  
At twelve I shall expect you well arm'd  
And rigg'd for this expedition.

All. We shall all be there !

Athol. And I will lead the enterprise.

All. Hurra ! hurra !

[*Exeunt.*]

**SCENE VI.—Domician Convent, Perth.** *King's Dressing-room.* ROBERT STUART, *Page of Honour, solus.*

R. Stuart. [*Stepping gently.*] Now is the time  
To steal away the bar by which the door  
Is fasten'd ; I loosen'd it yesterday ;

[*He takes out the old-fashion'd pond'rous bar.*  
Ah ! here it is, 'tis now unshipp'd ; go there  
Worthless, thy day is o'er.

[*Throwing it into a corner.*  
But who comes here ?—this is untimely.

*Enter Lady FERNHIRST and LADY DOUGLAS.*

Lady Fern. We must speak to the King ; I have  
Heard something he must be inform'd of.

R. Stuart. [*Aside.*] You have, have you ? but  
You'll not impede what we're about—  
[*Aloud.*] I'll notify it unto the King your Ladyship.

[*Exit.*]

Lady Fern. Would to mercy we had known this  
sooner.

Lady Doug. I wish we had, but still I think we  
Are time enough.

Lady Fern. I doubt it Jane ; I saw strange people  
Lurking about the convent as we approach'd.

*Enter the KING, R. STUART, WALTER STRATOUN,  
the King's Cup-bearer, and PATRICK DUNBAR.*

R. Stuart. Ah, Stratoun here ! this augurs badly.  
He's come mayhap for wine.

W. Strat. Save you your Majesty! in the gallery  
 There are arm'd men rushing rudely to force  
 Their entrance. Treason! treason!  
 Save you your Majesty!

*Enter Lord LEWIS and M'VICAR.*

K. James. "A Home! a Home! a Douglas and  
 a Gordon\*."

*Enter from the convent a number of Monks armed.*

Athol. [From without.] Force the door! force  
 the door!

[They all draw their swords. Lady DOUGLAS  
 rushes to the door and closes it.]

Athol. [Without.] Force the door! force the  
 door!

Lady Doug. I have it fast; but where's the bolt?

R. Stuart. Push up the door—I took the bolt away.

W. Strat. You did, traitor! defend your life,  
 villain!

[They fight furiously; R. STUART killed.  
 The wages of sin is death. There lies a traitor!]

P. Dunbar. Poor wages indeed, if a man can't  
 live by them.

[They force open the door. Lady DOUGLAS  
 screams violently.]

*Enter the Earl of ATHOL, R. GRAHAM (who makes  
 a stab at the King), and Conspirators.*

Lady Doug. My arm is broken! my arm is broken!  
 [Screams again, and rushes off the Stage into  
 the convent screaming.]

Lord Lewis. [Attacks ROBERT GRAHAM; they  
 fight violently. Enter Sir JOHN HALL.]

You broke my sister's arm, vile traitor! and stabb'd  
 The King—die wretch! [R. GRAHAM killed.

\* War cry of Scotland.

[*The Conspirators rush on the KING, who defends himself. M'VICAR throws himself between the KING, and kills ATHOL. The MONKS defend the KING, but Sir JOHN HALL kills the KING, after a severe battle with him.*]

Sir John Hall\*. I've done his business.

K. James. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

[*KING dies.*

Lord Lewis. And you too, vagabond, shall no more see the sun!—take that, and that!

[*Kills Sir JOHN HALL, sword bearer to the Lord of the Isles. The MONKS, Lord LEWIS, M'VICAR, PATRICK DUNBAR, and STRATOUN, beat the Conspirators off.*]

P. Dunbar. The Queen and Lady Fernihirst have both

Been wounded twice—a sad sad day for Scotland.

[*The Curtain drops.*

\* The sword bearer of the Lord of the Isles, A. D. 1436. The King received 28 wounds, mostly near the heart.

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Patrick Dunbar was brother to George Earl of March. He was against the King, but changed sides, struck with remorse. We must now relate that King James the First, who had so superabundantly deserved well of his countrymen, was murdered on the 20th of February, 1436, in the 44th year of his age, and 13th of his reign. When the rumour of his murder blazed abroad, great weeping and sorrow was in all the land. The nobles of their own accord and motion assembled from all parts of the kingdom, and came to Edinburgh; and ere they consulted together (as if by one mind prompted,) they dispersed bands of armed men through all quarters of the kingdom to apprehend the murderers; and such diligence was used, that within forty days all of them were taken and put to shameful deaths. The common sort, that is those who were of the council of the conspirators, and others who were concerned in the plot, were hanged on gibbets. The chief actors were made examples to public justice. *Athol*, who had only been wounded at the time of the regicide, suffered the most severely, as his punishment lasted three days. On the first he was disjointed by a crane in a cart, and thus dragged along the High-street, &c. On the second day, he

was mounted on a pillar in the market-place, and crowned with a diadem of red hot iron, with an inscription above him *viz. The King of all Traitors.* Thus was his oracle accomplished. On the third, he was laid naked on a scaffold and embowelled, which were thrown in the fire, flickering before his eyes. Then his head was cut off and placed in the most conspicuous part of the town, and his body sent in quarters to the most populous cities in the kingdom, to remain as a trophy of justice. His nephew Robert Stuart, who had only been wounded in the horrid scene at the Domician Convent, was not so rigorously handled, as he only did consent to the wickedness of others; he was only hanged and quartered.—But as several persons said that Robert Graham gave the first stab to King James, and had imbrued his hands in his Sovereign's blood, (he having also been wounded at Perth) a gallows was raised for him in a cart; he had his right hand nailed to it, and as he was dragged along the streets, executioners with burning piucers tearing the most fleshy parts of his *carcass*, his heart and entrails thrown in the fire, his head set up near the cross, and his quarters sent to first rate towns, to satisfy the wrath and sorrow of an injured people.

Eneas Sylvius, Pope Eugenius the IV. legate in Scotland, and the first who was ever north of the Tweed, (afterwards Pope himself) being a witness of these transactions and execution, said, he could not tell whether he should give them greater commendation who revenged the King's death, or brand them with sharper condemnation who distained themselves with so heinous a parricide. The Queen retired to Stirling Castle.—James the II. was soon after crowned at Holyrood House, or rather Palace. His sisters were—Margaret, wife of Louis XI. of France—Elizabeth, Duchess of Bretagne—Jane, first Countess of Angus, and then Countess of Huntly—Eleanor, wife of the Archduke Sigismund of Austria. Mary Lady Camphire and Annabelle, unmarried.

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The Portrait of James the First of Scots, is by a painter from Stutgard, from the original picture at Kelberg, near Tubigen, in Suabia, supposed to have belonged to his daughter Eleanor, wife of the Archduke Sigismund of Austria, son of the Emperor. The coat is black, and the *trows* are French grey. The chain round his neck is a collar of SS. in compliment to the Somerset family, into which he married.—Kelberg, or Kaleberg, has a very Caledonian name, and is supposed to have been a country seat of the Archduchess Eleanor, fourth daughter of King James.—Tubigen is a town and county in the kingdom of Wirtemberg, in Suabia.

## APPENDIX.

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Extract from a Manuscript formerly belonging to Mr Thoresby of Leeds, now to Mr Jackson of Clements-Lane, Lombard-Street, London, written in Latin about the year of our Lord 1440—being the contemporary Account of the Death of James I. of Scots:—

\* \* \* Nevertheless many of the Lords of the land, dreading much the harm that might betide, took counsel how they might withstand and resist what they called the King's tyranny, seeing he had so little pity of the death done to his Lords, many of them being so nigh to his royal blood, (alluding to Duke Murdoch of Albany, his sons, the Earl of Lennox, &c. &c.) and also of the great covetousness with which he oppressed and impoverished his commonality—withal the King being present at his said council rose up with a manly heart—a knight, called Sir Robert Graham, a great gentleman and an Earl's son, a man of great wit and eloquence, very suttley witted, and expert in the law, saying these words to the Lords—

“ Sirs, if you will firmly stand by that as I shall say to the King in your audience, I trust to God we shall find a good remedy and help.”

To which saying the Lords consented, and said that they, trusting wholly in his prudent and discreet manhood, would conform and consent in high and low, to maintain all that he would take on hand to say, for the general weal of him and of all that land, in that matter by him moved.

Upon this the King let a Parliament be summoned of the three Estates of the Royaune, where this Sir Robert Graham fully sat, and assured and purposed to perform that at (it) he had pledged and promised to perform unto the Lords as above related.

He rose up with a great courage, with a violent cheer and countenance, set hands upon the King—saying these words,—“ I arrest you in the name of the three Estates of your Royaune here now assembled in this present Parliament, for

right : as your liege people be bounden and sworn to obey your Majesty, noble rial in the same wise been ye sworn and insured to keep your people, to keep and govern your law, so that ye do them no wrong, but in all right maintain and defend them."

And there and then forthwith the said Sir Robert Graham, assuring him fully in the promise made unto him by the said Lords, (but which they did not perform) said—

" Is it not thus as I say ?"

Unto which seeing none of all the Estates afore rehersed would, nor durst speak one word, but kept silence.—

The King therewith perceiving all (the ramifications of) this presumptuous rebellion and working of the said Robert Graham, greatly moved and stirred against him, as that reason would, ordered him to be arrested, and commanded to put him in sure and strong prison, being at this very indignant as well may be supposed. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* Sir Robert Graham finding himself deceived by the said Lords, said to his wife, " He that serveth a common man he serveth by short process of time." After this the King exiled him and all his heritage, and his goods forfeited to the King (for rebellion).

Upon his exile this Sir Robert Graham took his (way) to the countries of the wild Scots, whereat he conspired and imagined how he could destroy the King. He then renounced his allegiance by words and by writing ; he defied him, saying that he had destroyed him, his wife, his heritage, and all his goods by his cruel tyranny ; wherefore he said he would flee him with his own hands—(that is the King)—as his mortal enemy, if he could find an opportunity and ways and means. Then the King being greatly vexed in his spirit with the traitorous and malicious rebellion of the said Sir Robert Graham, did make an open proclamation through all the kingdom of Scotland, that whosoever might flee or take him and bring him to the King's presence, should have 3000 demys of gold, every piece worth an English noble (about I believe 1050l.)

Not long after this, the King assembled his Parliament at Edinburgh, (1436) at the feast of All Halloween ; to which Parliament the said Sir Robert Graham stirred a cruel vengeance against the King, sent private letters and messages

to certain men and servants of the Duke of Albany, saying if they would consent and favour him, he would take upon him to flee the King, lest through his tyranny and covetousness he should destroy the whole kingdom of Scotland, and the crown of the land should be given to Sir Robert Stuart, the King's cousin, and next heir of right to the crown.— And the said Sir Robert's grandsire, the Earl of Athol, of that treason and counsel as it was said, and by himself secretly desired and coveted to have the crown ; for which causes the said Sir Robert Graham was half than better consenting to bring their purpose to effect. For this Sir Robert Stuart did ever abide in the King's presence, very familiarly about him at all hours, and most privy above all others (that is most entrusted), and was very gentle squire, fresh, healthy, and very amiable, whom the King entirely loved as his own son ; and for the love he bore to him, he made him constable of all his host at the siege of Roxburgh (this is by mistake written Edinburgh, but it ought to be as above).

After this the King, suddenly advised, made a solemn feast at Perth, called St John's Town, which is on the other side of the Scots Sea (Firth of Forth). In the midst of the way there arose a woman of Ireland, who called herself a soothsayer—who when she saw the King, she cried with a loud voice saying,—“ My Lord King, and ye pass this water ye shall never return again alive.” King James hearing this, was astonished at her words, for a little time before he read a prophecy that in this self-same year the King of Scots should be slain. And as the King rode on he called one of his knights, and gave him in command to turn again and speak to the woman, and ask her what she meant by her loud calling ? and she told him as you have heard, if he past the water. And now the King asked her how she knew that ? and she said, “ Huthard told her so.” “ Sire,” said she, “ men may cause ye take no heed of that woman's words, for she is only a drunken fool, and knoweth not what she says.” And so with his people he past the water called the Scottish Sea, towards St John's Town, only four miles from the country of the wild Scots, where, in a close of Black Friars without the town, the King held a great feast.

Whereupon a day, as the King played at chess with one

of his knights, whom in playing he called King of Love, for he was a fine looking man, amorous, and much devoted to the fair sex. And as it came in the King's mind the prophecy spoken of above, the King said to this knight,—“Sir Knight of Love, it is not long ago since I read a prophecy spoken of before, that I saw how a King shall be slain in this land, and ye wrote Sir Alexander. There are no other Kings in this state but you and I ; and therefore I counsel you to be on your guard, for I let you know I shall order sufficiently for my sure keeping, I trust to God ; so I am under your knighthood and in the service of love.” And thus the King did joke with the knight.

A short time after this, the King being in his chamber-talking and playing with the lord knights and squires, amongst whom was a squire who was in much favour with the King, who said to him, “*Forsooth my Lord, I dreamt to night (verily) that Sir Robert Graham should half slay you,*” and hearing the Earl of Orkney warn the squire that he should hold his peace, and tell no such tales in the King's presence—and the King hearing what the Squire said about his dream, remembered that same night he had a *sweyvyn* sleeping, which seemed to him that a cruel serpent, and a horrible toad assailed him furiously in his King's chamber, and that he was very much afraid of them, that he had nothing wherewith to defend himself but a pair of tongs which were in the chimney. It is also said that one of the King's traitors, called Christopher Chamber,\* who was a squire in the house of the Duke of Albany, three times he went into the King's presence, for he wished to tell him plainly of the purpose of the traitors who were about to murder him.—And thus it is said by the old fathers (viz. of the Domician Convent) many years before we were born.

After this the night came on apace, in which the said James Stuart King of Scots should, without knowing it, suffer the horrible death of murder. So both after supper, and long after the first quarter of the night, in which the Earl of Athol and Robert Stuart were about the King, when they were occupied at chess, some reading romances, some singing, piping, and harping, and in other honest

\* Called Cohown in other authors.

solaces of great pleasure and disport ; then came the said woman of Ireland, who called herself a forewarner, and entered the King's court, even unto the King's chamber door, where she stood and stayed until the usher opened it, marvelling why this woman stood there at that time of night, and asked her what she wanted ?—“ Let me in Sir,” said she, “ for I have somewhat to say and to tell unto the King ; for I am the same woman who not long ago desired to have spoken with him at Leith when he past the Scottish Sea.” The usher went in and told him of this woman ; “ yea,” quoth the King, “ let her come to-morrow,” because he was busy with the above amusements at the time. The usher went again to the chamber door to the woman of Ireland, and told her that the King was busy playing, and desired her to come on the morrow. “ Well,” said the woman, “ it will repent you all that you will not let me now speak with the King,” at which the usher laughed and held her for a fool, charging her to go away, and therewithal she went thence.

Within an hour the King asked for the departing glass, and drank it in the chamber ; and every man departed and went to rest. Then Robert Stuart, who was very familiar with the King, and had all the ordering in his chamber, was the last that departed, and he knew well of the intended treason and had consented to it, and therefore left the King's chamber door open, and had bruised and blundered the locks of it in such a way that nobody could shut it. And about midnight he laid certain planks and hurdles over the ditches that environed the garden of the chamber by which the said traitors entered—That is to say the beforesaid Sir Robert Graham, with others of his convening, to the number of three hundred persons ; the King at the same time standing in his night gown, all unclothed save his shirt, his cap, his comb, his coverchief, his furred *pynsons* (*anglicé* slippers) upon the form, and the foot sheet ; so standing before the chimney with the Queen, and other ladies gentlewomen with her, was about to cast off his night gown to go to bed. But he hearkened and heard a great noise without, and a great rattling of harness and of men armed, and a great glare of torches. Then he remembered him, and imagined that it might be that false and traitorous Knight Sir Robert Graham.

And suddenly the Queen and all the other ladies and gen-

liewomen ran to the chamber door and found it open, and they would have shut it, but the locks were so blundered that neither strength nor might could shut it. The King begged them to keep the same door as well as they could, and he would do all he could to withstand the malice of his traitors and enemies. He supposing to be able to move the iron work of the windows, but they were so square and strongly soldered in the stone with lead, that they could not be moved by him without other assistance; but could think of no other succour but the tongs of iron in the chimney, which he took. The traitors without laid at the chamber door with axes and levers, that they at last broke up all, and entered with swords, axes, *glavis* bills, and other terrible weapons. Owing to the great press of the traitors, there was a fair lady much hurt in the back and arm, and other gentlewomen sore wounded; on which the ladies and all the women made a sorrowful shriek, and ran away from the hideous and boisterous men-at-arms. The traitors furiously past forth into the chamber, and found the Queen so dismayed and abashed at their horrible and fearful riot, that she could neither speak nor withdraw herself; and as she stood there as astonished as a person who has lost their reason, one of the traitors wounded her full valiantly, and would have killed her had it not been for one of Sir Robert Graham's sons, who said—“What will you do? think shame of yourself, it is the Queen, she is but a woman. Let us go and seek the King.” And then not knowing what she did on account of that terrible affray, she fled in her *kirtle* (gown), her mantle hanging about her—the other ladies in a corner of the chamber crying and weeping, distractedly making a piteous and lamentable noise.

And then the traitors sought the King in all the chambers about, in the withdrawing chambers, in the litters under the presses, the forms, the chairs, and all other places, and long they busily sought the King, but they could not find him, for they neither knew nor remembered there was a closet. The women at his calling came fast to the closet door that was not fastened, and so they opened it; and as they were about to help the King, one of the ladies, Lady Douglas, went into the closet to the King. Thereupon one of those

traitors, called Robert Chamber, seeing they could not find the King in any of the chambers, supposed he must have hid himself in a closet he remembered, therefore said to his comrades,—“Sirs, whereunto stand we thus idle and lose our time? come on, follow me, and I will readily show you where the King is.” For the said Chamber had been very familiar with the King in all places he lived at.

And so he immediately went to the closet the King was in, and saw the King in it, and a woman with him, saying to his fellows, “Sirs the spouse is found for whom you came, and have all this night carolled here.” Whereupon one of the said traitors, called Sir John Hall, went to the King with a great knife in his hand, and the King doubting him sore of his life, caught him manfully by the shoulders and with much violence jerked him under his feet; for the King was of his size manly and strong\*. And then another of that Hall’s brethren seeing that the King had the better of him, went into the closet also to destroy him. And as he was going in the King caught him bravely by the neck and threw him above the other under him, that for a long month after men might see how strongly the King had held them by the throat. And greatly the King must have struggled with them to bereave them of their knives, in doing which his hands were badly cut. But if the King had been armed in any way, he might easily have escaped their malice by the length of time he fought with these two false traitors. For if the King could have defended himself a short time longer, his servants and the towns-people and the Monks might have come to defend him; but alas it was otherwise pre-ordained, fortune was adverse to him, and he could not defend himself any longer. For that odious and false traitor, Sir Robert Graham, seeing the King defended himself so well against the two false traitors he had thrown under his feet, and that he was faint and weary, went also into the closet, having a horrible mortal weapon in his hand. Then the King cried for mercy. “Thou cruel tyrant,” said Graham, “thou hadst no mercy of Lords born of thy blood, nor any other gentleman who came in thy danger—therefore no mercy shalt thou have.” Then said the King—

\* He was five feet six inches high.

" I beseech thee for the salvation of my soul, ye will let me have a confessor." Then said Graham—

" Thou shalt have no other confessor than this sword." And therewithal he thrust him through the body; on which the good King fell down and lamented with a piteous voice; he cried to him oft for mercy, and offered him half his kingdom and much other goods to save his life. And then Graham seeing the King in much anguish and sorrow would have let him live, and done him no more harm. The other traitors perceiving this, said to Sir Robert—

" We *hew* thee faithfully, but if thou don't flee him or thou depart, thou shalt die for him by our hands some day." And then they said to Sir Robert, with the other two who went first in,—" Fall on that Prince!"—and in full horrible and cruel ways they murdered him. Alas for sorrow, that so immeasurable cruelty should be done to that worthy Prince! for it was reported by *true* persons who saw him dead, that he had sixteen deadly wounds in his breast, *without* many other in diverse parts of his body.

And when this abominable and cruel homicide (it should be regicide) was thus done, the said traitors sought the Queen, and in their furious cruelty would have slain her in the same way; but God of his grace and goodness preserved and kept her out of their hands.

And upon this the noise arose, and sprang up both unto the court and unto the town, of that horrible doing and fate which the said traitors had done. And thereupon all the King's servants that lodged in the court, and all the people of the town, with one will and one consent, as the King's true men and liege subjects, came with force of arms and many torches and approached the court. And when the traitors heard the noise and rumour of their coming, they with all speed fled to the mountains.

But in their withdrawing a worthy Knight, Sir David (by others called Patrick) Dunbar, despaired and pursued them, and with his own hand killed one of them, and another he sorely wounded. And as he fought with them in their flying, they cut off three of his fingers and wounded him badly in the head; and they slew another young man of the King's chamber, a good groom. And in this wise Sir Robert Graham, with all the other traitors, escaped to

the wild Scots. And they said amongst themselves—"Alas, why slew we not the Queen also, for if we had done so we should have been out of much trouble which we are likely now to have; we have great cause to dread her, lest she should pursue us and labour to do vengeance on us." And so it was the Queen that did such diligence against the said traitors, that within a month they were all taken and put to death at Edinburgh.

Sir Robert Stuart was the first taken, and Christopher Chamber or Cohown, and put in a strong prison in the Castle of Edinburgh. (Here follows an account of their death given above.)

Soon after this the Earl of Athol was taken by the Earl of Angus, and led unto the Castle of Edinburgh to prison. This same Earl was arraigned, entited, and *damped*; but because it was the first of the passover, the cross was taken down, and he was led to a parlour in the town, where he was bound and a crown put upon his head, with the word traitor three times inserted upon it. The Bishop of Urbino, legate from our Holy Father the Pope, being then in Scotland, heard their confessions; and then the said Earl was beheaded, but he expected grace and pardon even until the time the hangman had him on the scaffold. He said he was no ways consenting to the King's death, but that he knew thereof long and kept it concealed, because Sir Robert Stuart, one of the greatest traitors, was his son's son, and therefore he told it not to the King. (His death is given above.)

After this Sir Robert Graham, with many other traitors of his company, were led to the town of Stirling, and there they were put to death, his hand having been struck off by the same knife with which he killed the King.

At the same time many of the other traitors were hanged, drawn, and quartered. Many of them confessed, when they were spoken to to go with Sir Robert Graham, they were not told it was to destroy the King and put him to death; they were only informed he was going to carry off a fair lady out of the King's house, who Sir Robert Stuart meant to marry the day following. To make the death more terrible to him, they embowelled his son and quartered him before his eyes, with many more at the same time.

But last of all Sir J. Hall was beheaded; for it was known, and there was good proof of it, that he was the principal and final cause of the King's death, and his head and hand were put up at Edinburgh under the Earl of Athol's head.

And thus endeth this melancholy relation of the terrible death of the King of Scots, translated out of Latin into our modern English tongue, &c. &c.

On the subject of Lady (some call her Catherine, some Elizabeth, some Jane) Douglas' arm being broke, one author says,—“ Meantime the traitors broke open the chamber door, and several of the ladies were hurt, particularly Lady Catherine Douglas, who, with a spirit worthy of her name, had her arm broken by thrusting it into the staple instead of a bar. The ladies shrieking with horror, rushed to the further end of the room.”—P.

Another author says,—“ While they (in the gallery) were working the King's death, a person of the name of Douglas got to the door and essayed to shut it, but that the bar was now away which should have made it fast, she thrust her arm in the place where it would have past; but that being easily broken the conspirators rush into the chamber, and slay all such of the waiters as made defence.”—D.

Another author says,—“ Walter Stratton, (of that ilk in West Lothian) one of the King's cup bearers, went to bring some wine to the King after supper, but perceiving armed men stand in the passage he gave the alarm. Lady C. Douglas ran to bolt the outer door, but the bar was taken away by Robert Stuart, in order to facilitate the entrance of the murderers. The lady thrust her arm into the staple, but it was instantly broken, and the conspirators rushed in upon the King.”—Æ.

Another author fixes the date to a day, 21st February, 1436-7,—“ James Stuart, the first of that name, King of Scotland, murdered by his subjects.”—S.

&c. &c. &c.

THE END.





